

GOLD  
KEY

DAFFY DUCK

NOW ONLY 12c

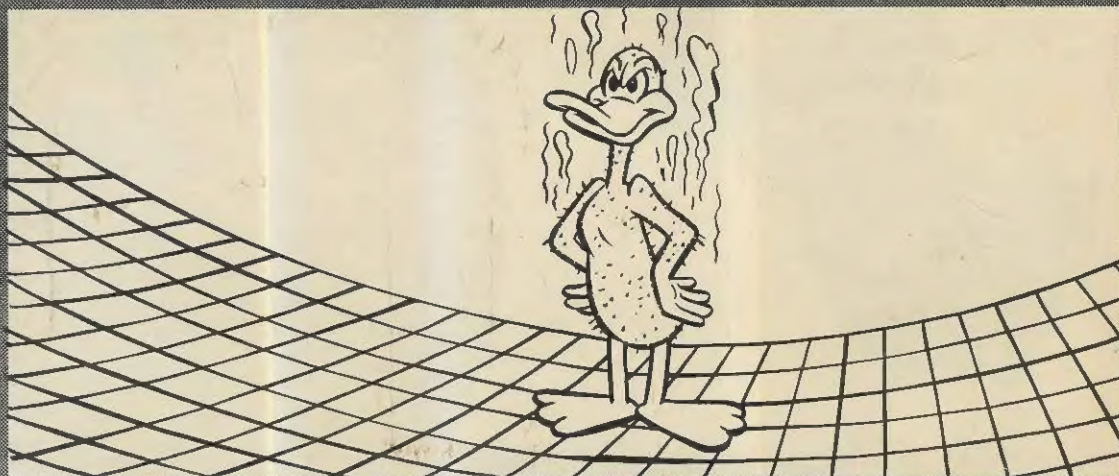
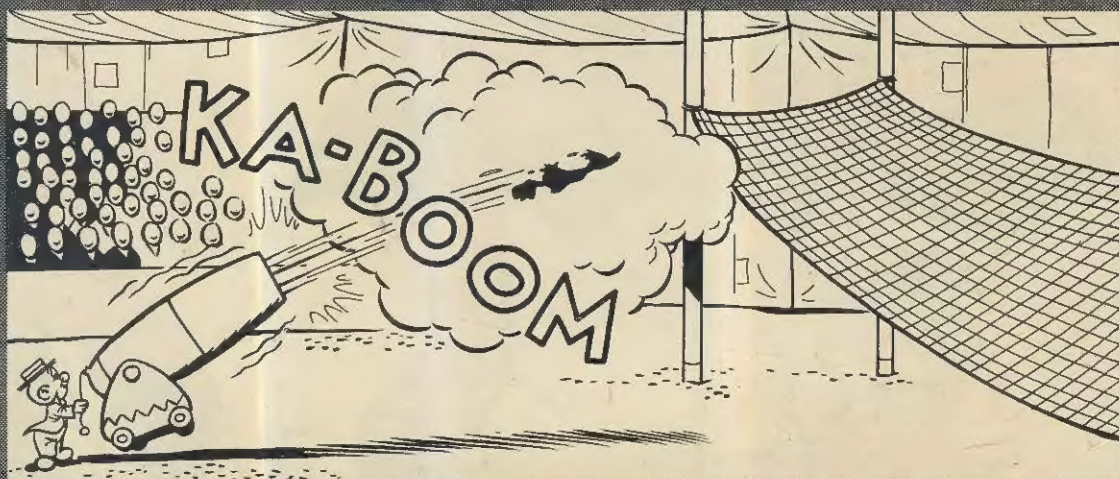
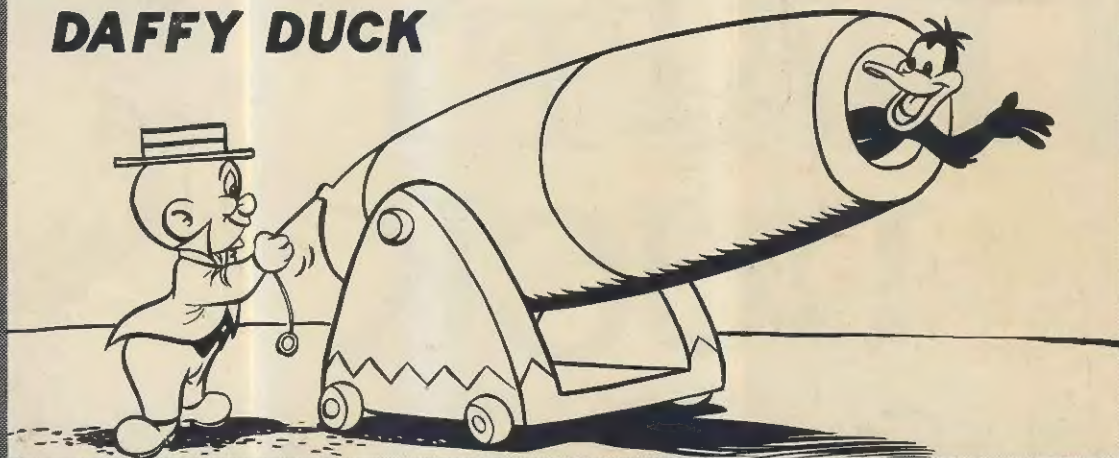
# DAFFY DUCK

10029-303  
MARCH



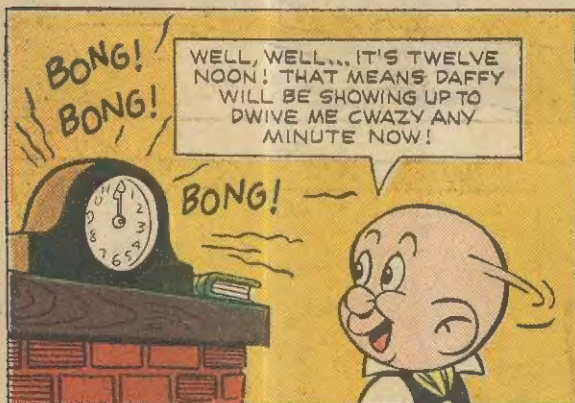
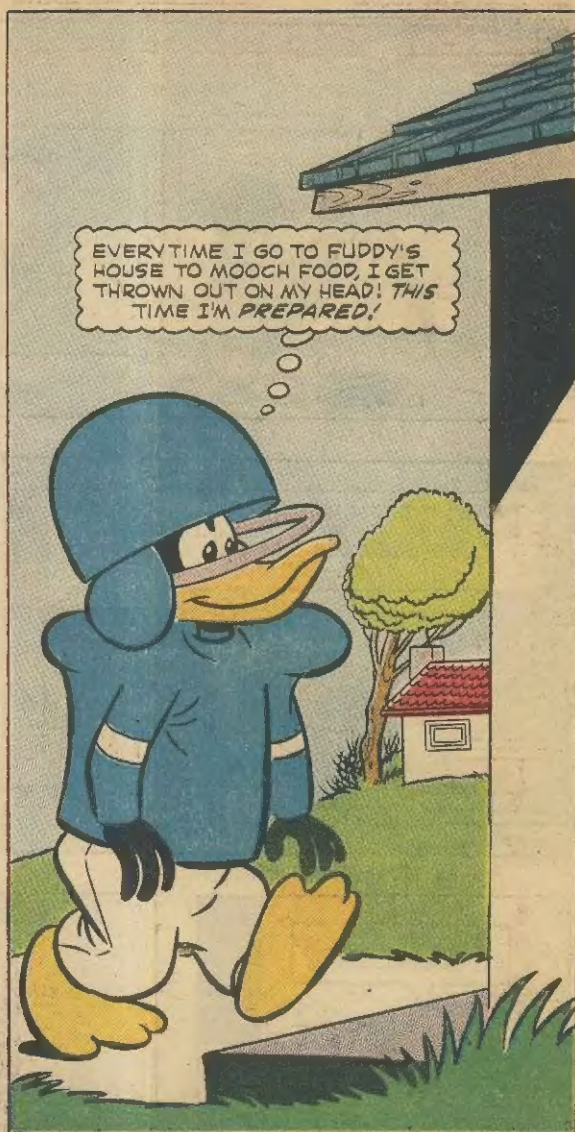


# DAFFY DUCK





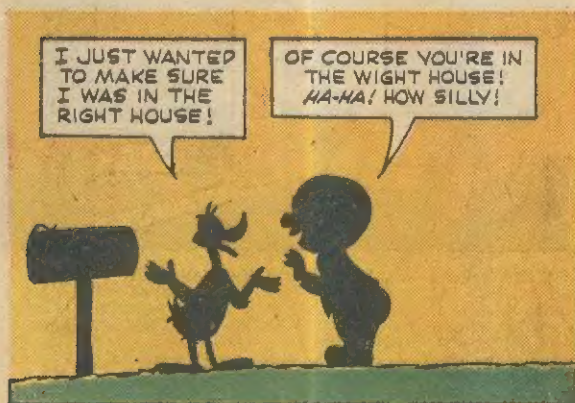
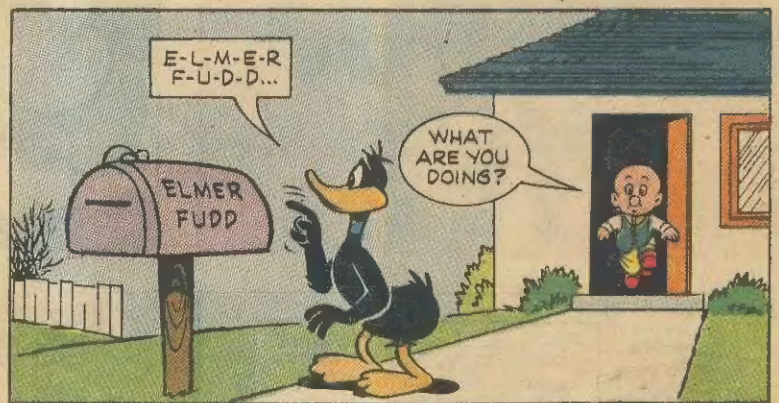
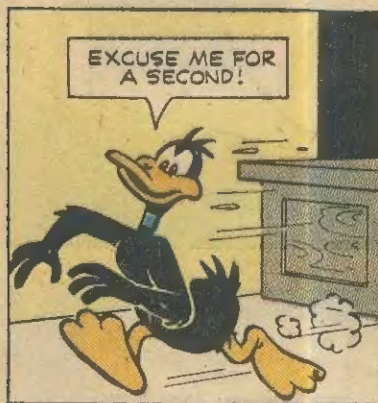
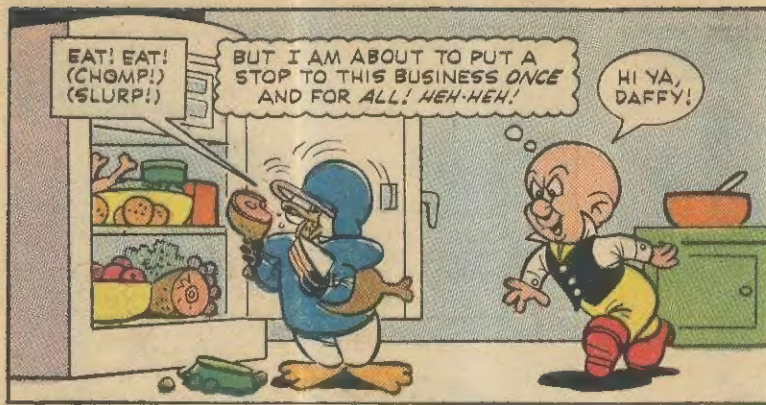
# DAFFY DUCK THE TWO- LEGGED APPETITE WITH WINGS YET



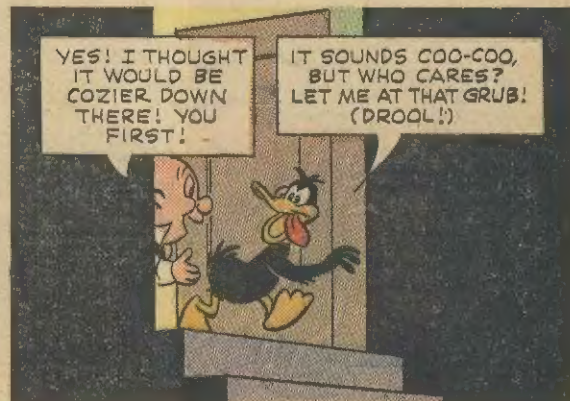
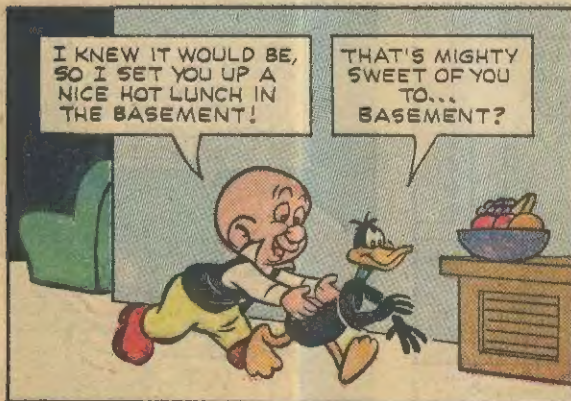
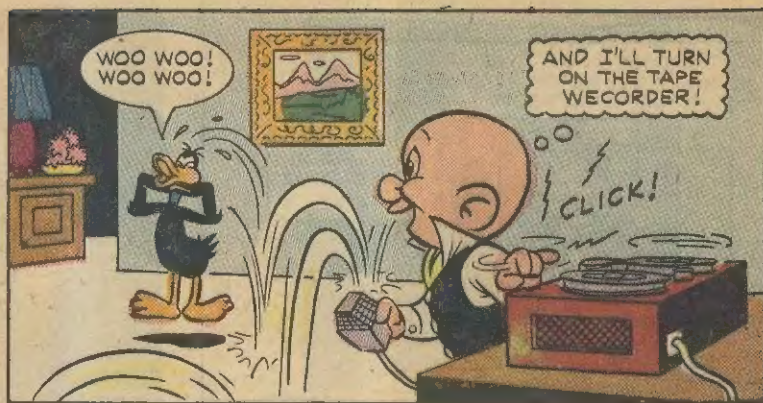
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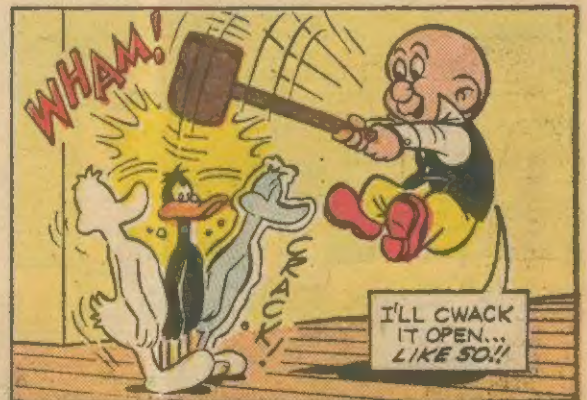
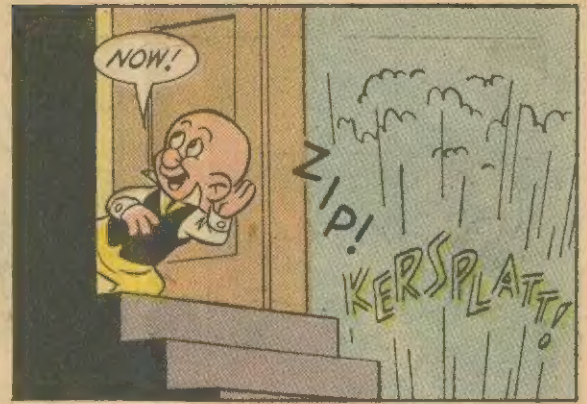
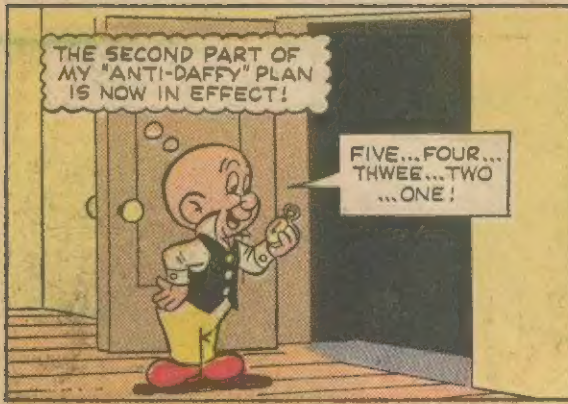








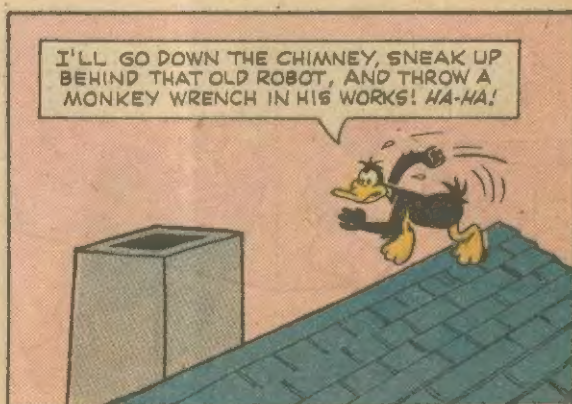




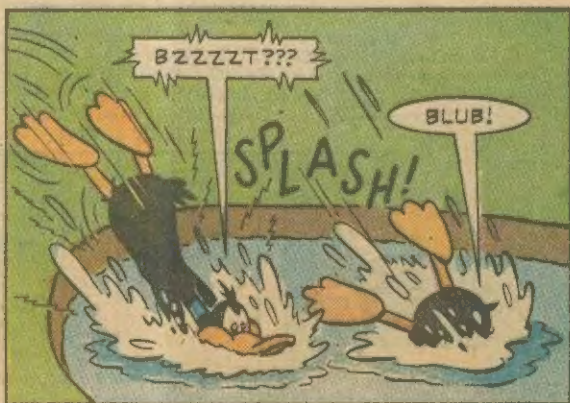
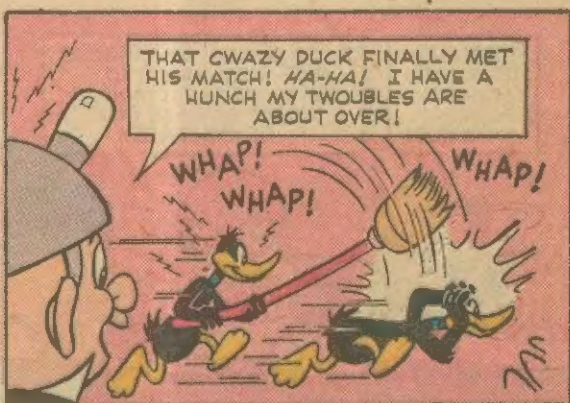
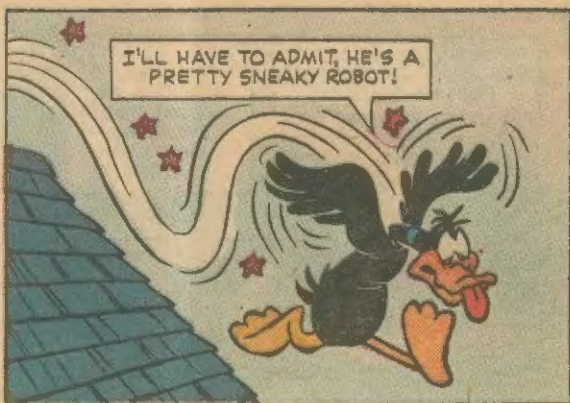
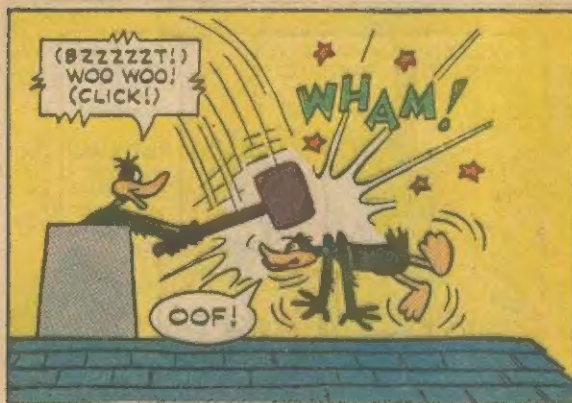




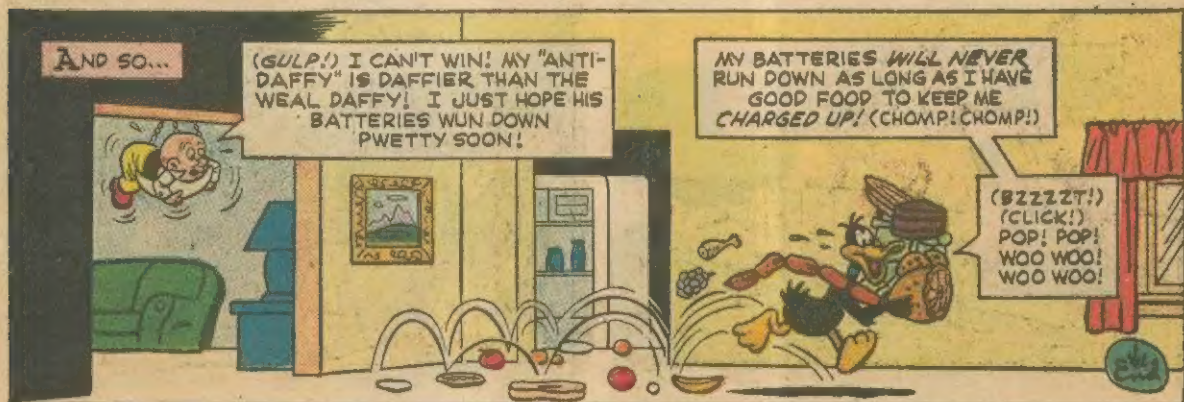
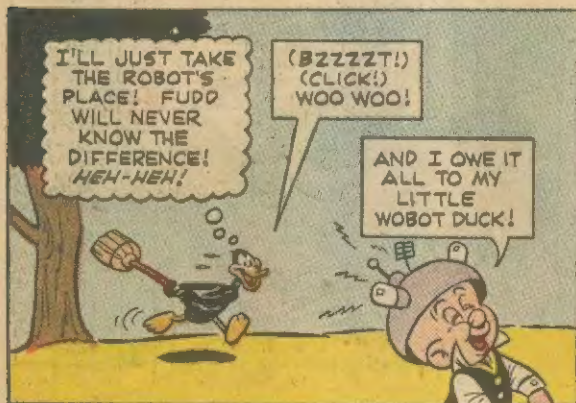








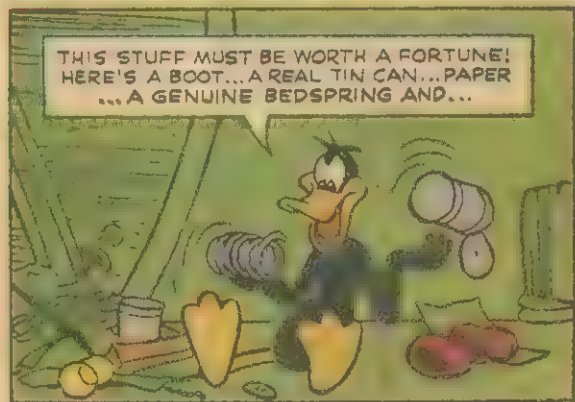
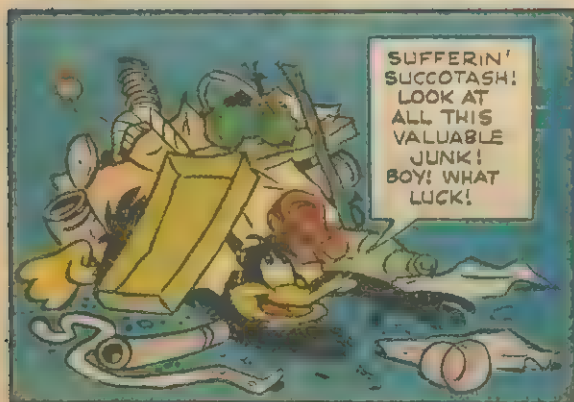
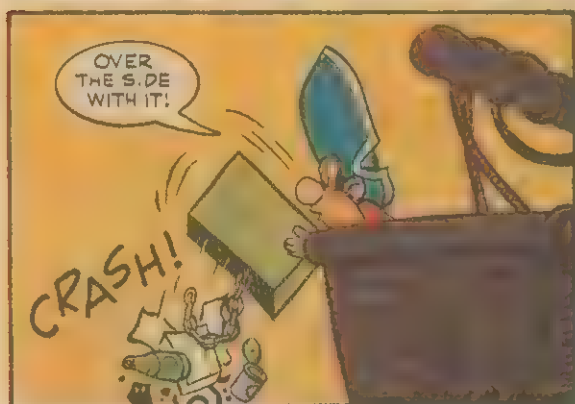
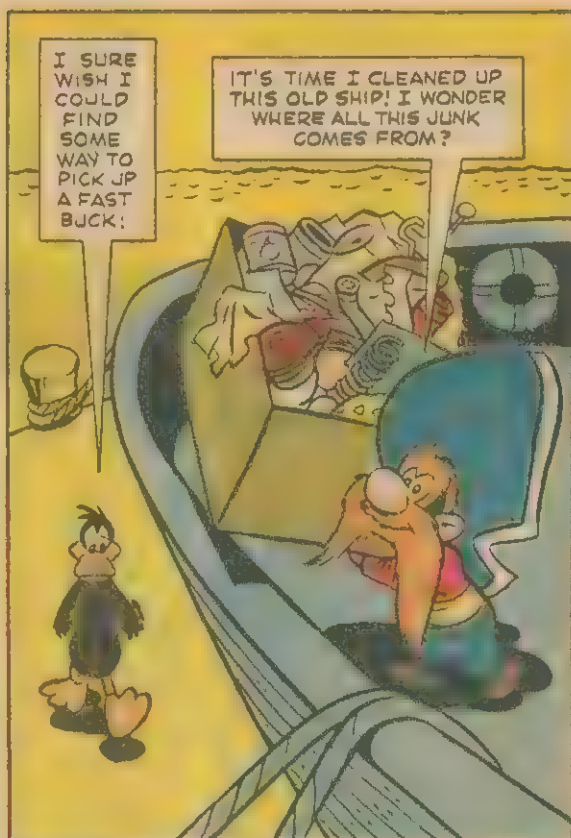






# DAFFY DUCK

# THE DELUXE JUNK SALESMAN





HOT ZIGSETY! A REAL  
PAIR OF EAR MUFFS!  
THESE WILL SELL FOR  
A BUCK ANY OLD DAY!



SAILORS HAVE COLD EARS FROM STANDING  
AROUND ON THE POOP DECK! I'LL BET I CAN  
FIND A CUSTOMER ON THIS SHIP!

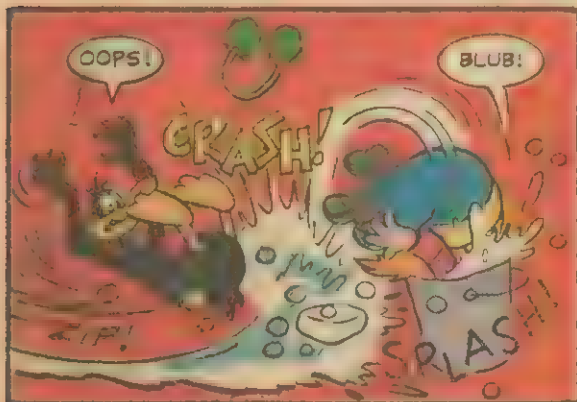


WOO WOO!  
HERE'S A  
SAILOR  
NOW!  
HE'LL  
JUMP AT  
THE  
CHANCE  
TO BUY  
THESE  
EAR MUFFS  
FOR A  
DOLLAR!



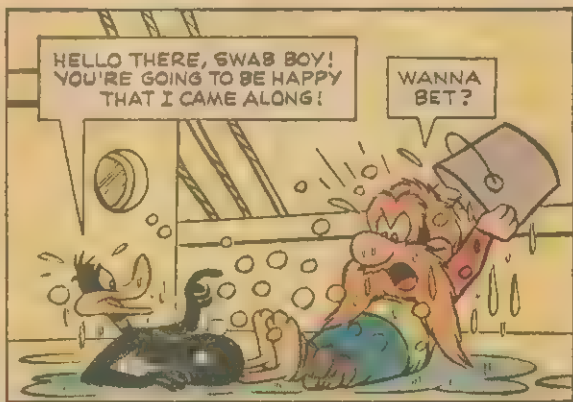
OOPS!

BLUB!



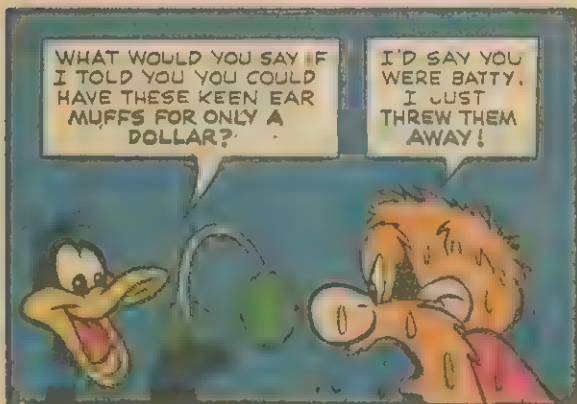
HELLO THERE, SWAB BOY!  
YOU'RE GOING TO BE HAPPY  
THAT I CAME ALONG!

WANNA  
BET?



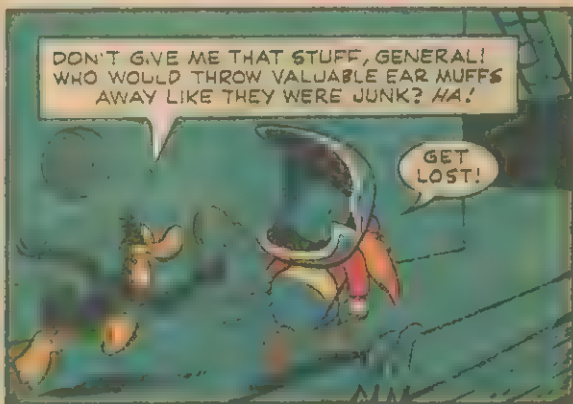
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF  
I TOLD YOU YOU COULD  
HAVE THESE KEEN EAR  
MUFFS FOR ONLY A  
DOLLAR?

I'D SAY YOU  
WERE BATTY.  
I JUST  
THREW THEM  
AWAY!

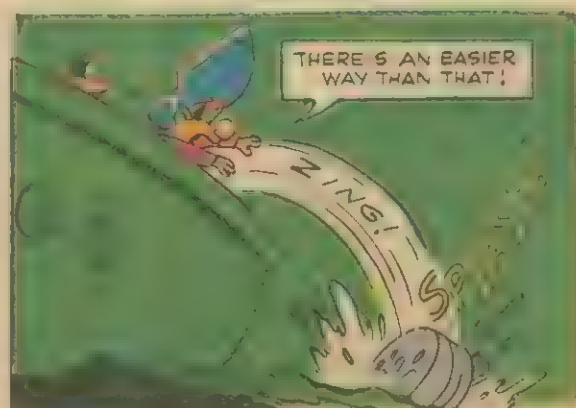
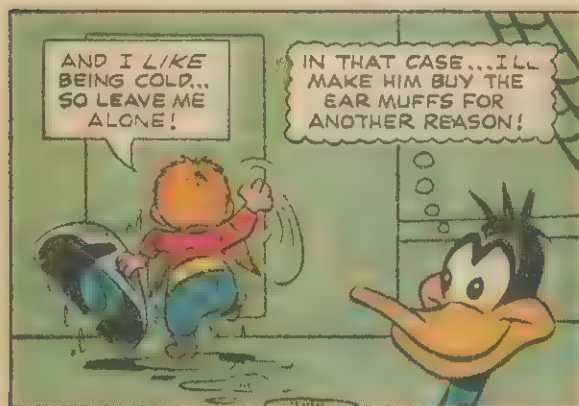
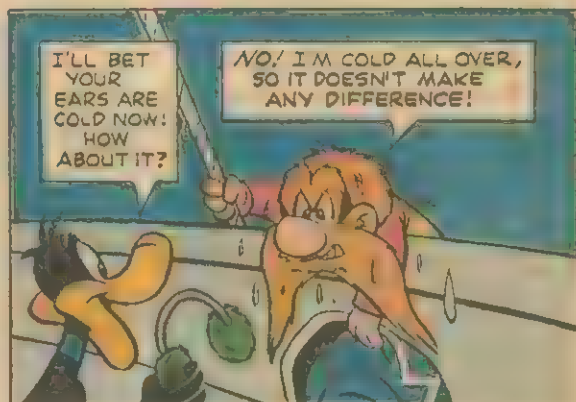
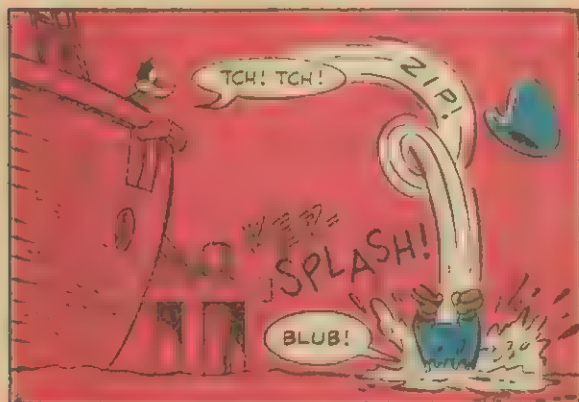
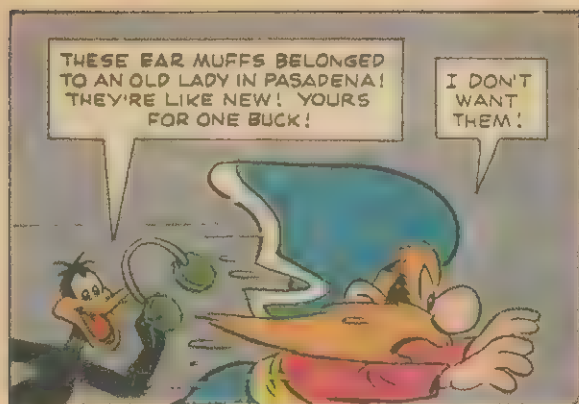


DON'T GIVE ME THAT STUFF, GENERAL!  
WHO WOULD THROW VALUABLE EAR MUFFS  
AWAY LIKE THEY WERE JUNK? HA!

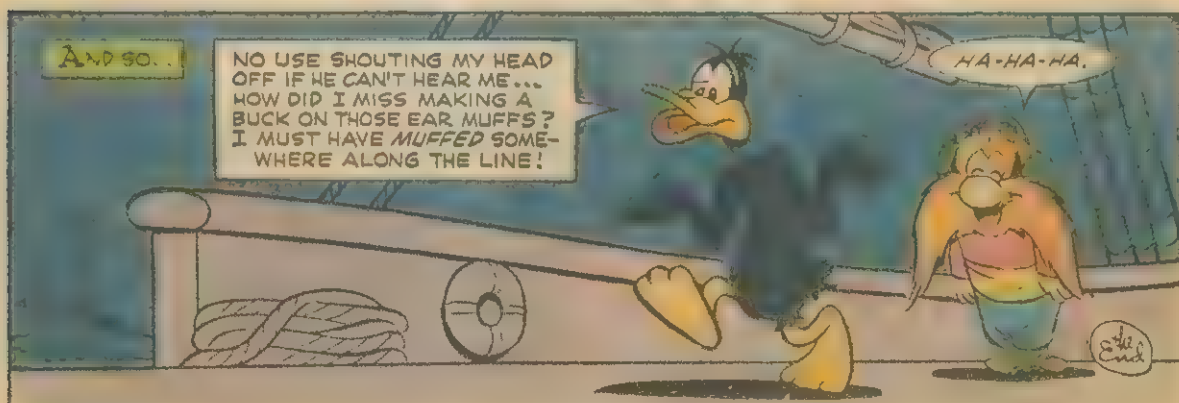
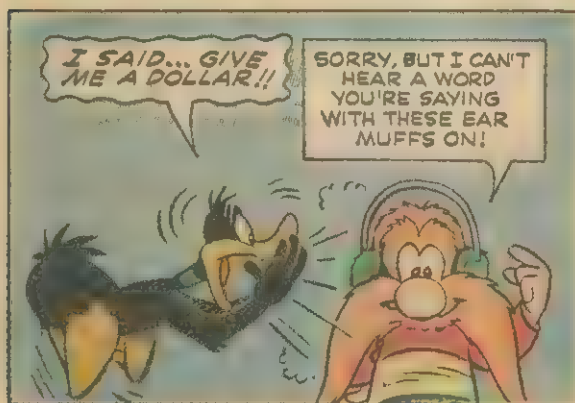
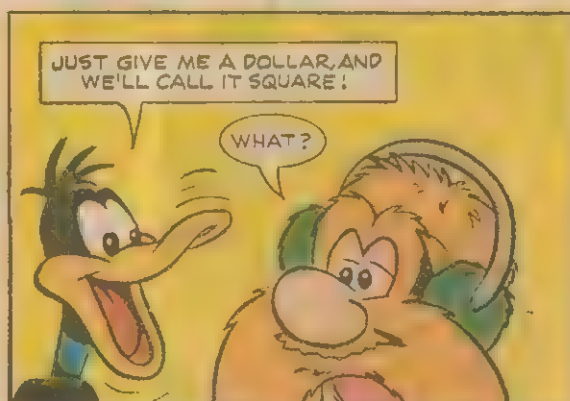
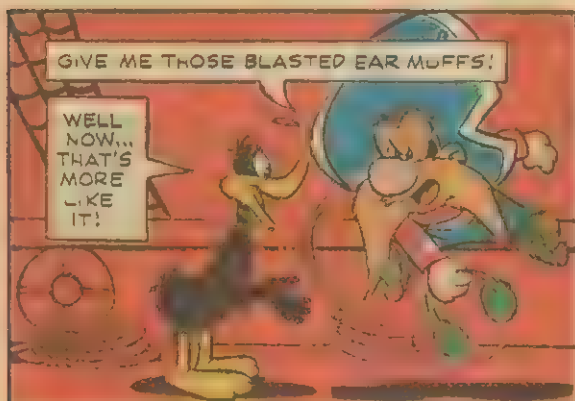
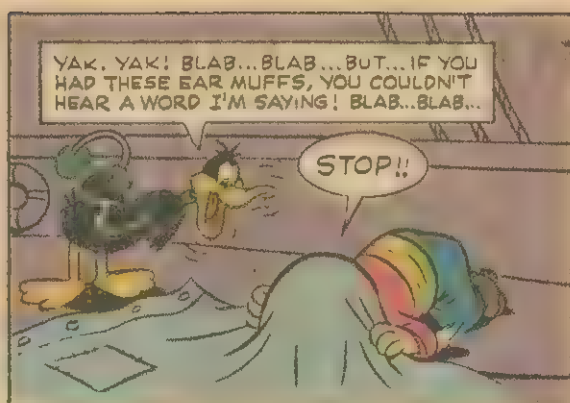
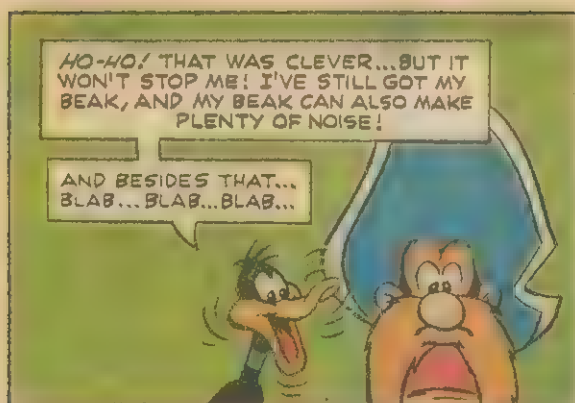
GET  
LOST!







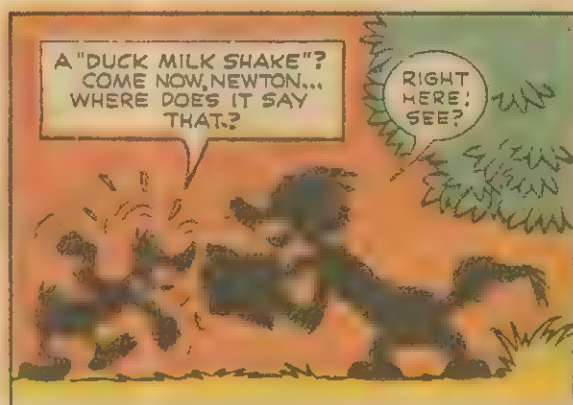
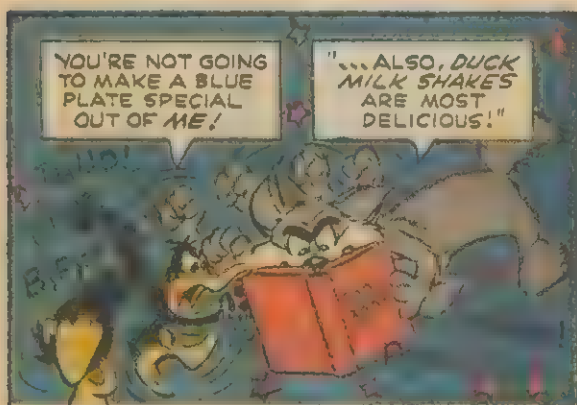
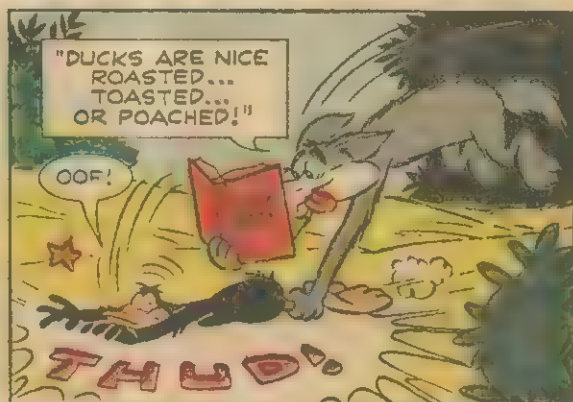




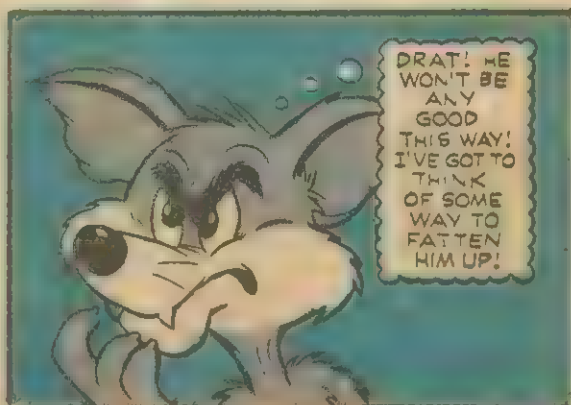
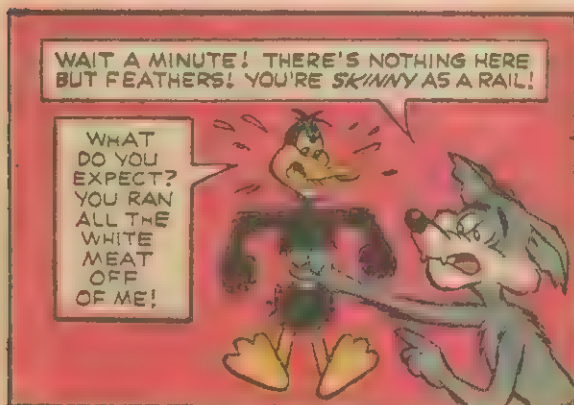
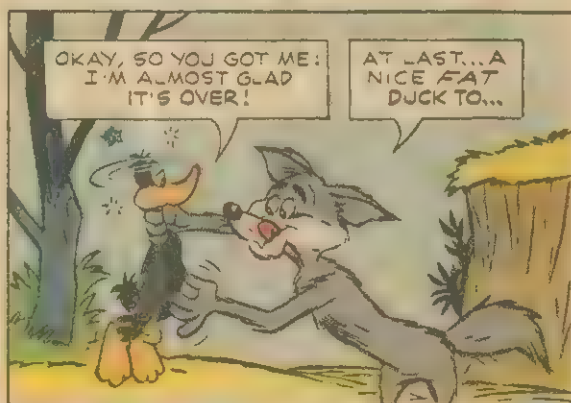
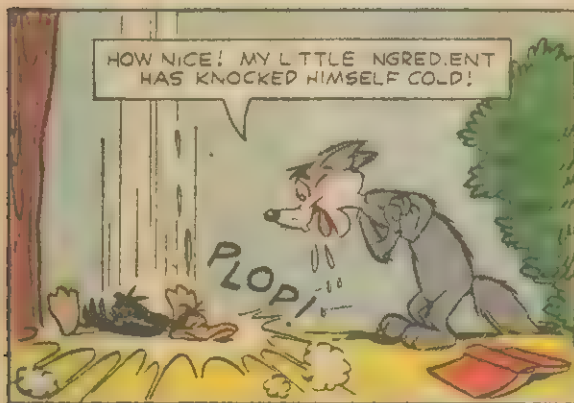
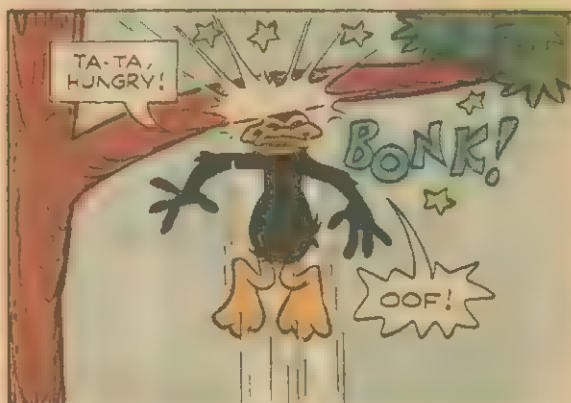
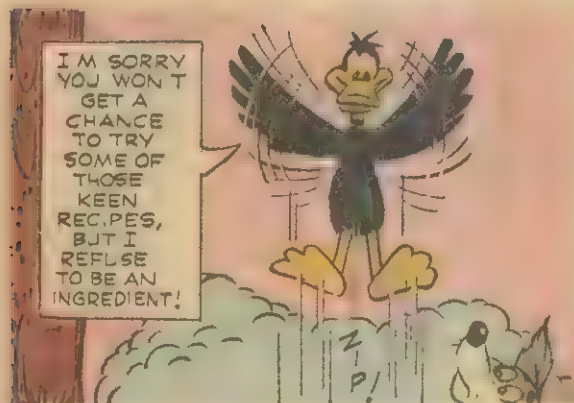
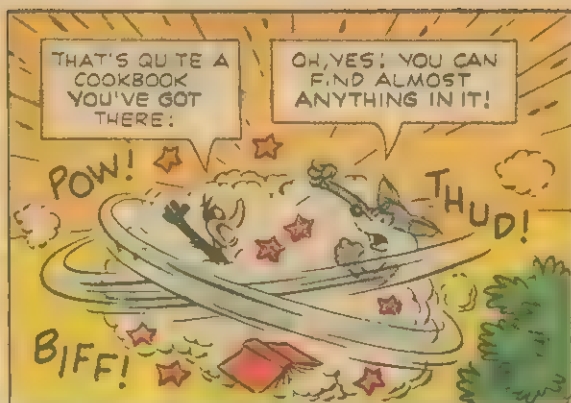


# DAFFY DUCK

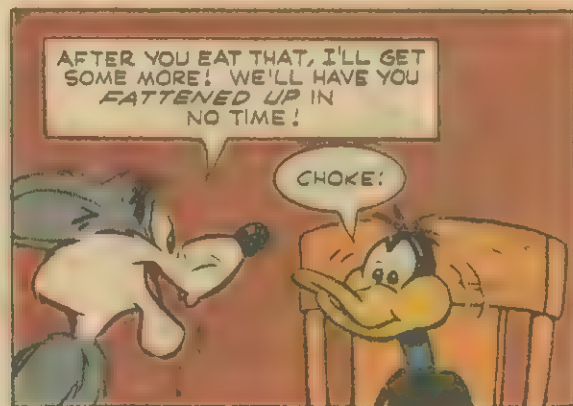
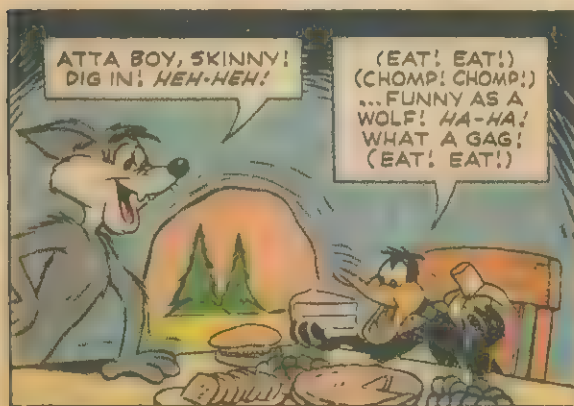
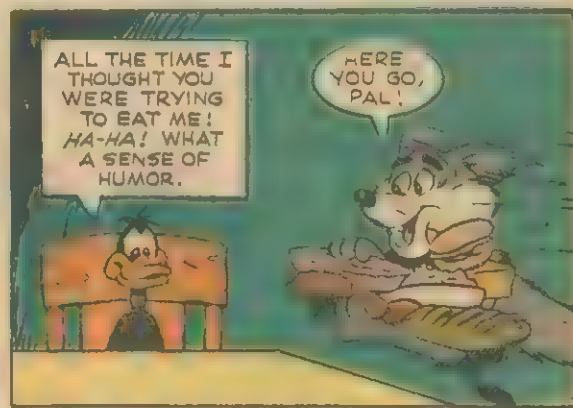
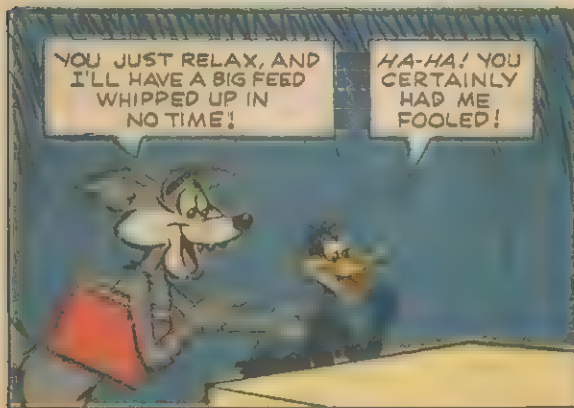
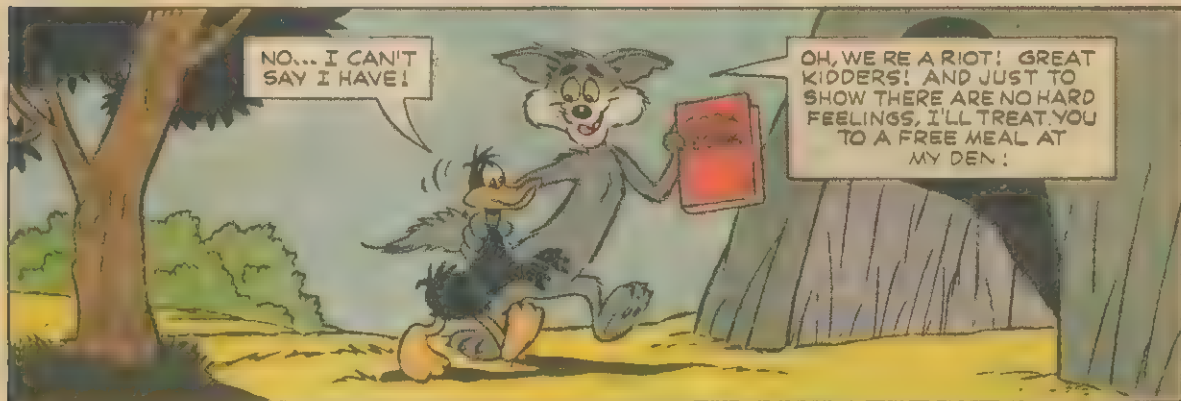
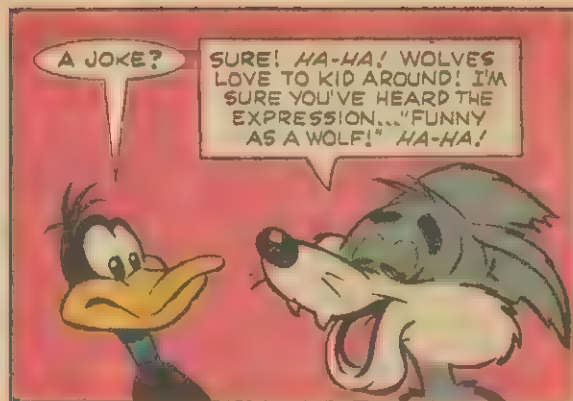
ONE  
DUCK +  
ONE  
POT =  
DINNER



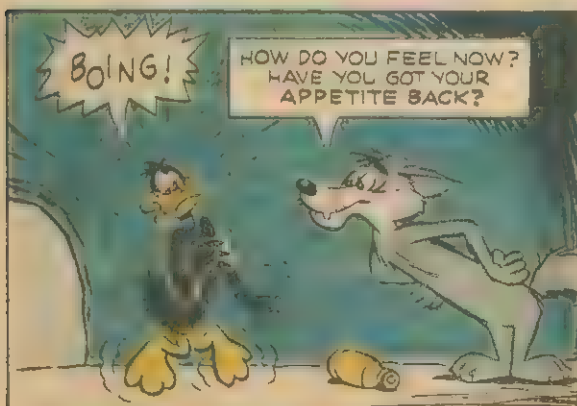
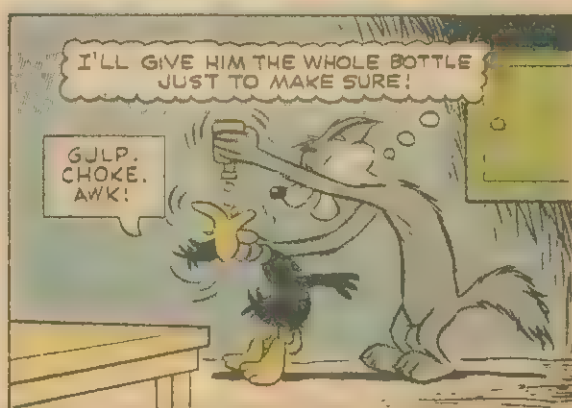
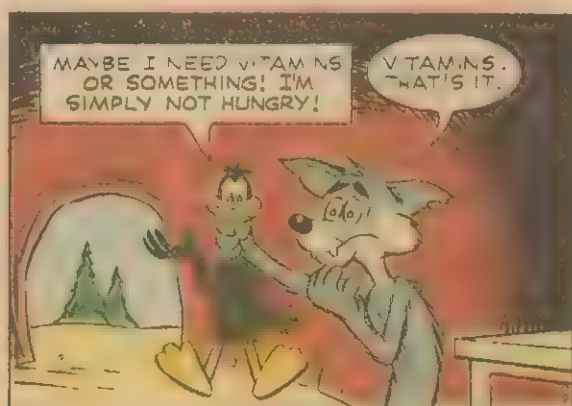
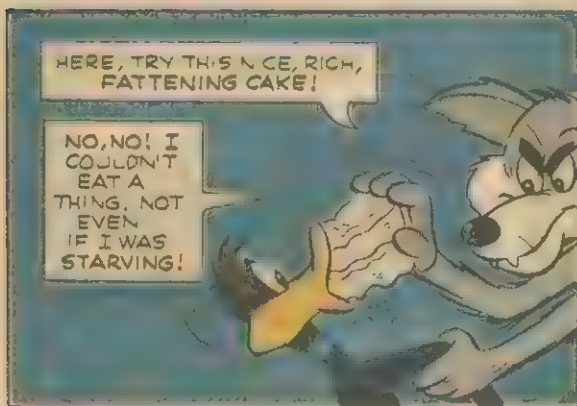
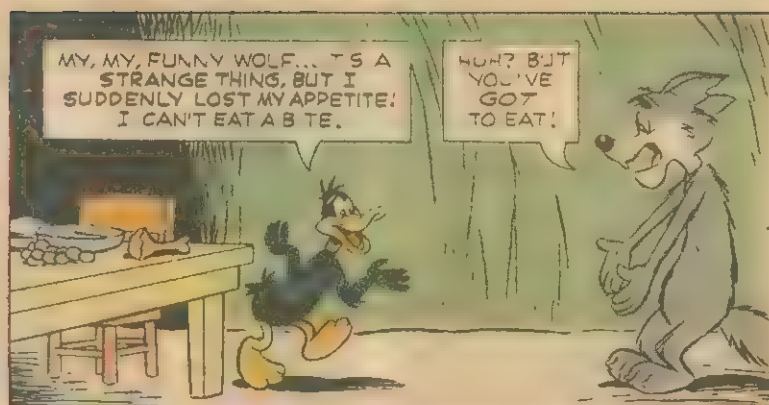
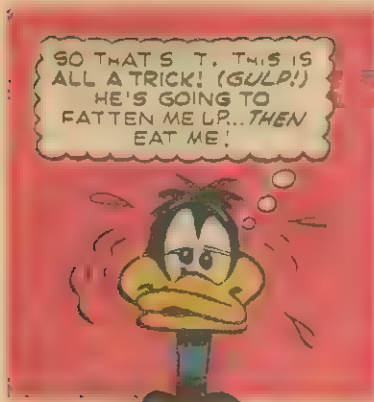




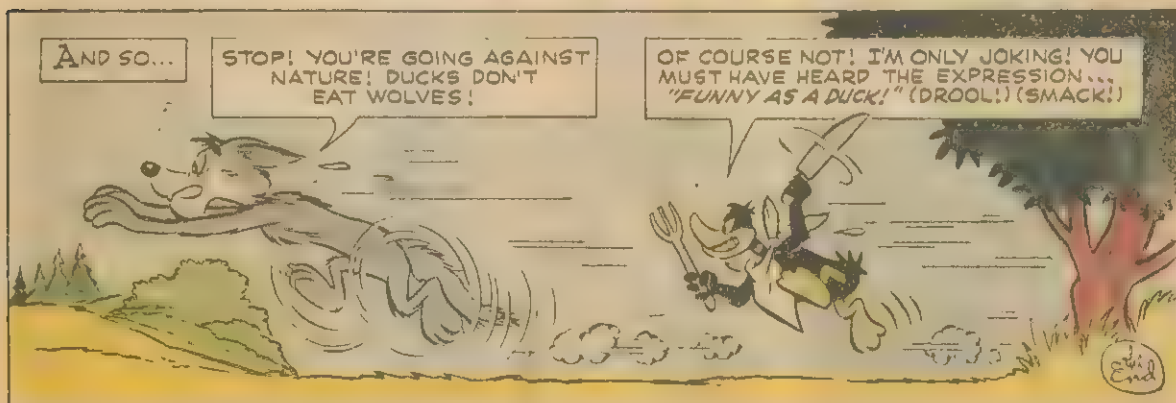
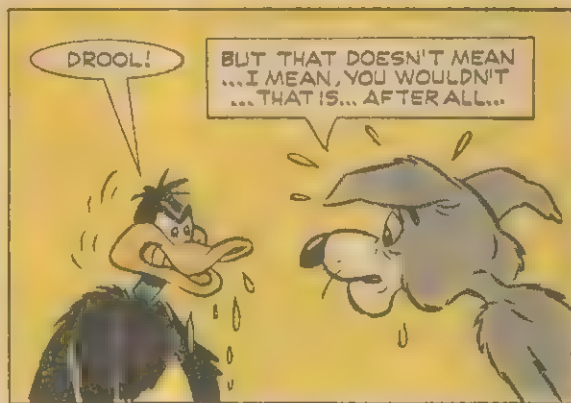
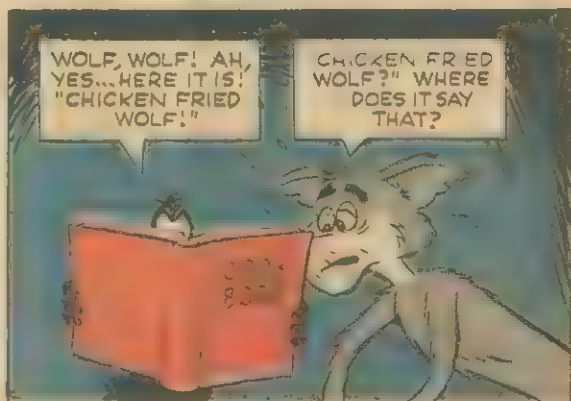
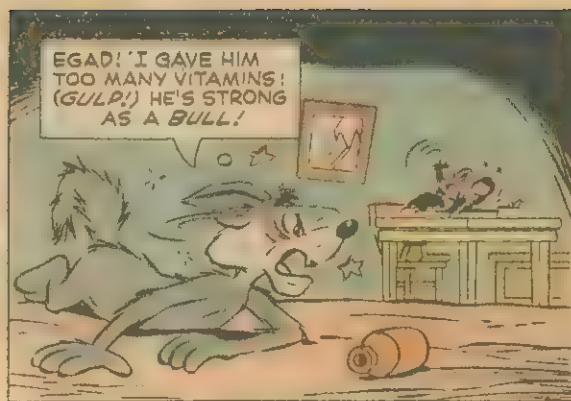
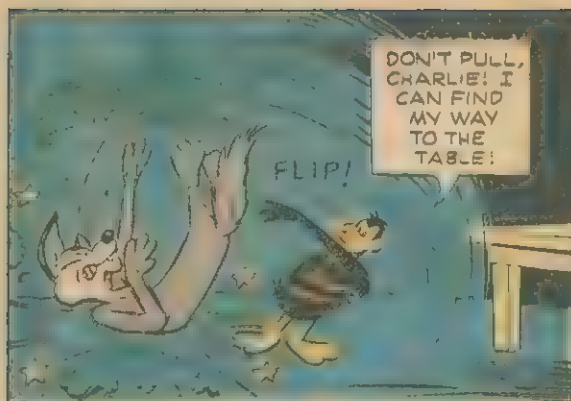






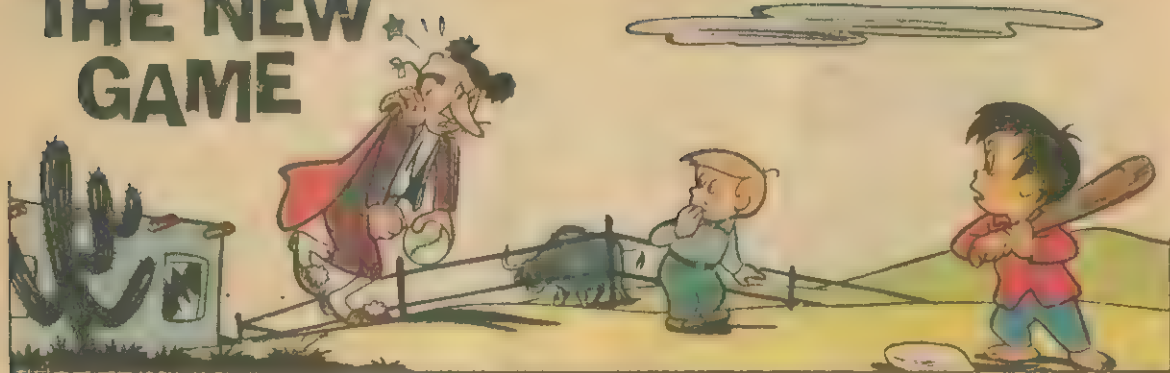








# THE NEW GAME



It was a warm, sunny afternoon . . . perfect baseball weather in Chilivania. In the open field behind Little Pancho Vanilla's house, his new friend from north of the border, Tommy Timmons, was teaching Little Pancho the game all children in the United States play.

"You hold the bat like this," Tommy instructed. "I'll pitch the ball to you, and you swing, like this, and bat it back to me."

"I'll try," agreed Little Pancho.

"Play ball," cried Tommy, as he sent the baseball spinning toward Little Pancho.

Leaning forward slightly, his feet close together, Little Pancho swung at the ball. He hit it hard, but it did not fly back to Tommy. Instead, it veered to the right and went flying out of the field.

"Foul ball," announced Tommy. "Golly, Little Pancho, I told you you have to look right at where you want it to go."

At that moment, CRASH! Then came the sound of glass splintering.

"Ai-yi," groaned Little Pancho, "eet broke the window where my Papacito is taking his siesta."

"Was taking his siesta," came the angry reply, as Papacito stormed out on the field, the baseball in his hand.

"We're awfully sorry, sir," apologized Tommy, "but Pancho is just learning . . ."

"He should be learning to be a famous boolfighter like his Papacito," interrupted Señor Vanilla, waving his red cape to give added meaning to his words.

At the pther end of the field, behind a tall gate, a big, mean bull was watching the scene through half-closed eyes. At the sight of Papacito's red cape fluttering in the air, he lowered his head, snorted wildly, and,

backing up a few paces, charged head-on toward the tall gate. Papacito did not see the bull, and he was shouting too loudly to hear it as it crashed through the wooden barricade.

"Baseball, indeed," he shouted, tossing the ball to Tommy. "You, Leetle Pancho, are a disgrace to your Papacito, the greatest, most fearless boolfighter in all Mexico," he added, as he stomped away.

Little Pancho felt sad to have angered his Papacito, because he admired his father. As he turned away to hide the tear that was forming in the corner of one eye, he saw the big, mean bull heading toward the red cape tossed around Papacito's shoulders.

Tommy, walking back to his place on the pitcher's mound, saw the bull, too.

"Look out!" he cried.

Papacito looked around. When he saw the bull charging toward him, he ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Peetch the ball to me, queekly," called Little Pancho.

Tommy threw the ball hard.

"Golly tamale," thought Little Pancho, "thees time, I weel look right where I want eet to go, like Tommy said."

Little Pancho looked the thundering bull right between the eyes and hit the ball a mighty wallop.

Seconds later, Tommy shouted, "Hooray!" and Little Pancho cried exultantly, "Olay!"

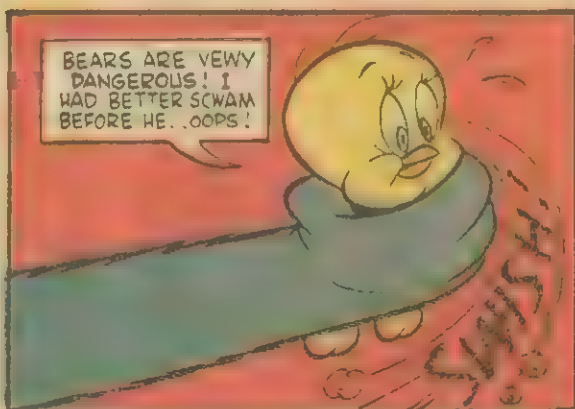
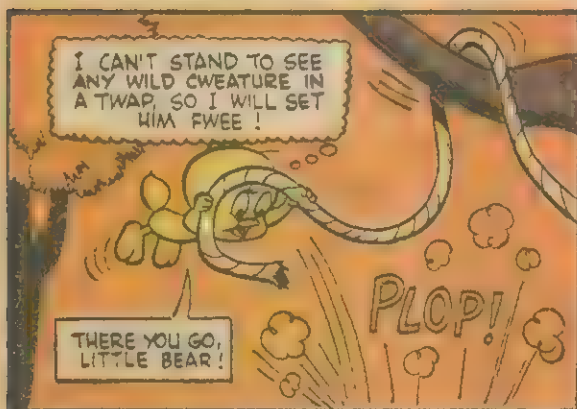
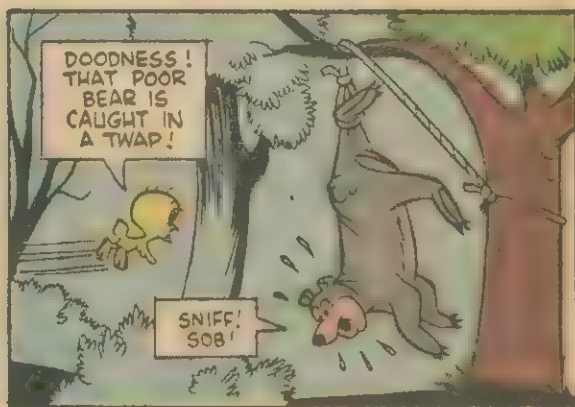
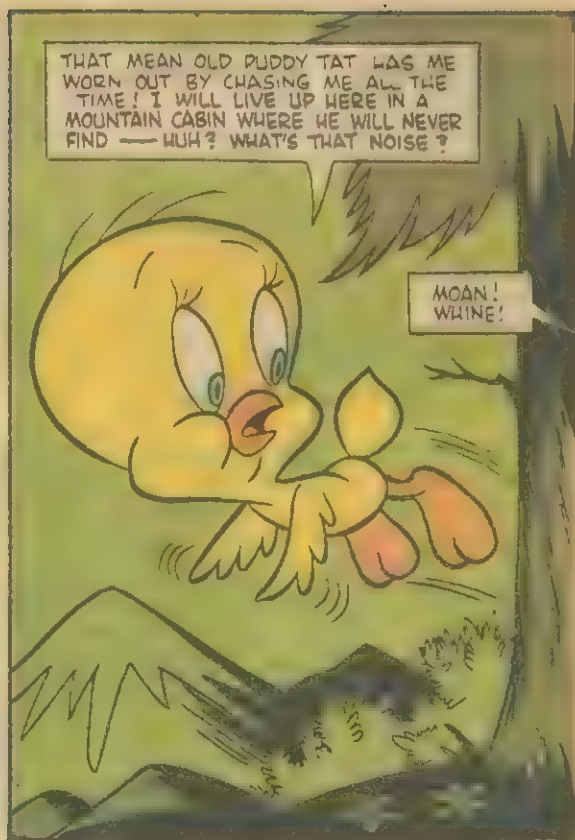
Hearing the screams, Papacito stopped running away and turned to see the big, mean bull stretched out flat on the ground.

"He is not hurt, only stunned," Little Pancho said reassuringly. Then, looking up at his father, he added, "See, Papacito, I am not a disgrace any longer. Now, I am a base-boolfighter."

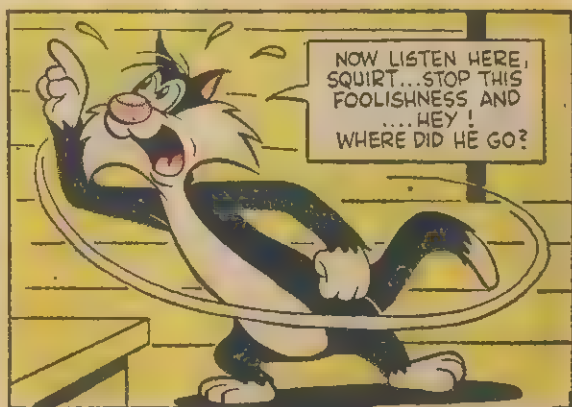
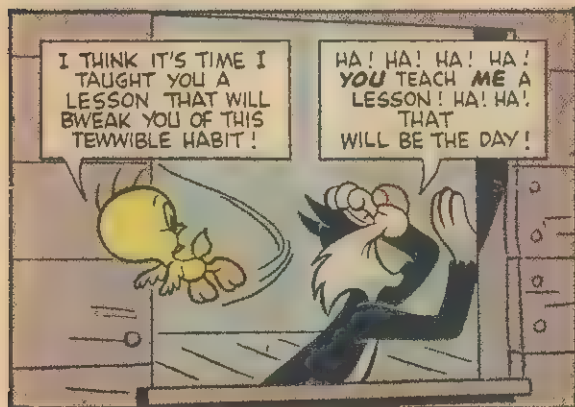
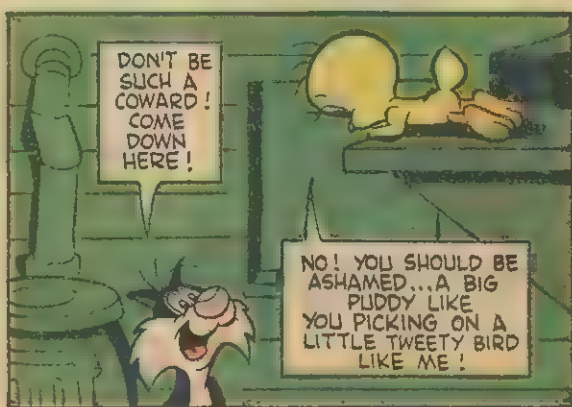
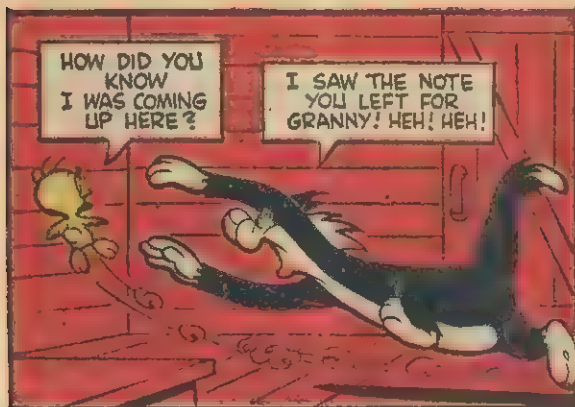
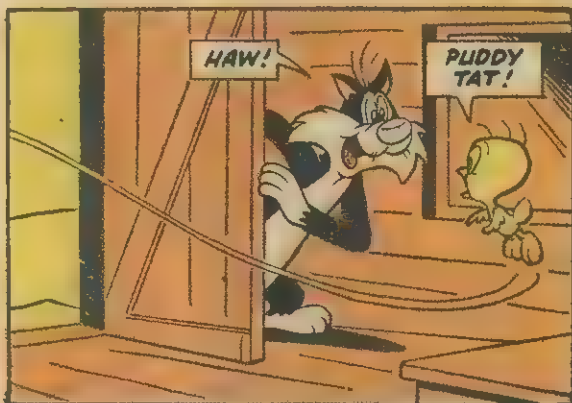
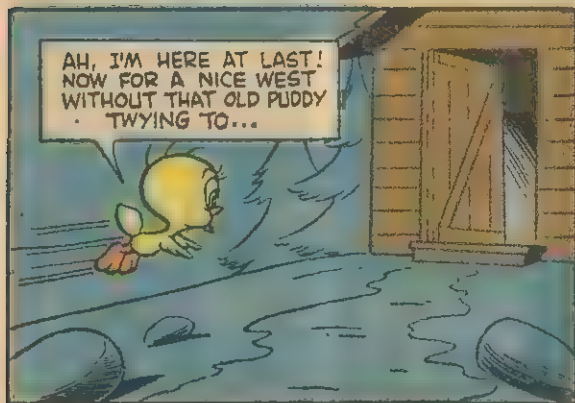
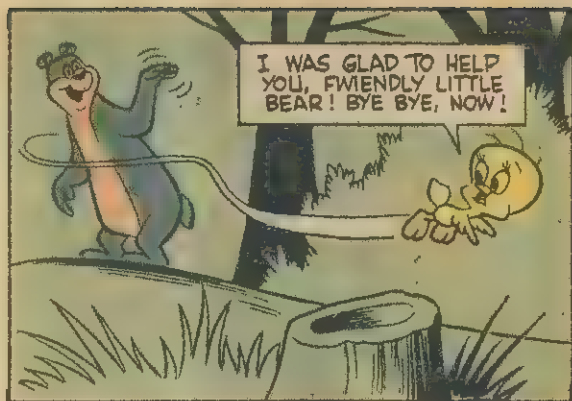
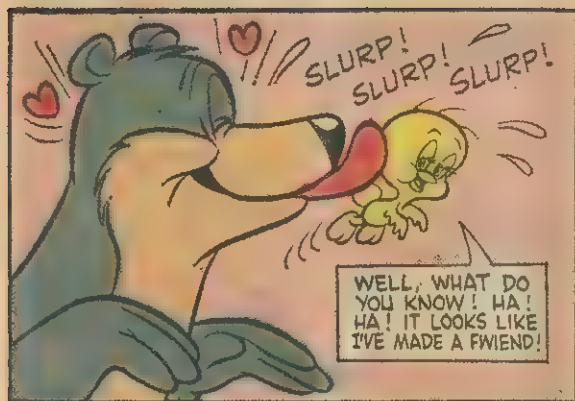


**TWEETY<sup>and</sup>  
SYLVESTER**

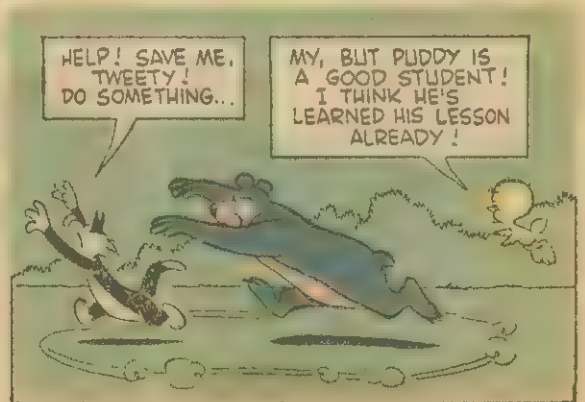
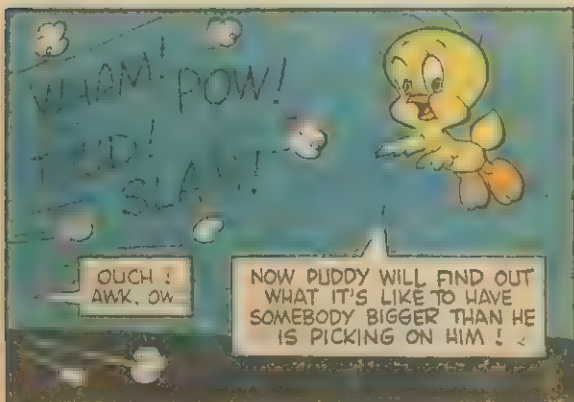
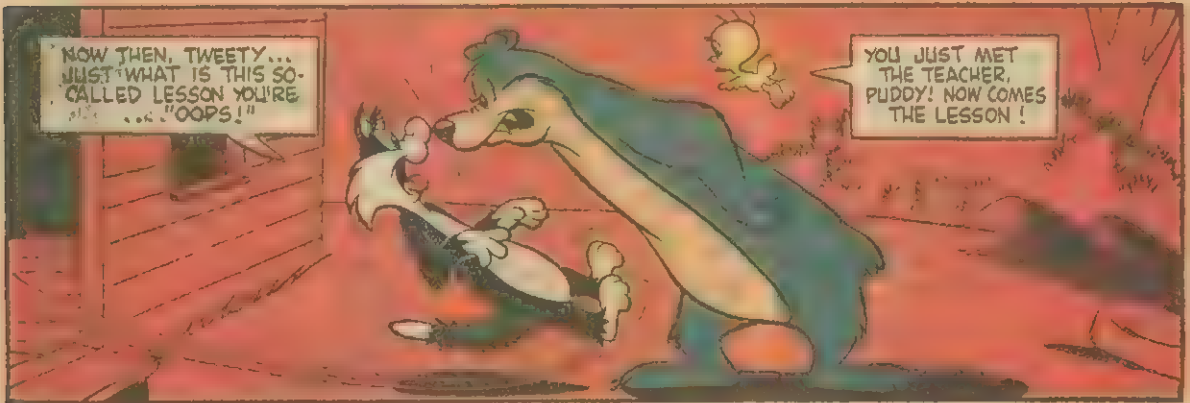
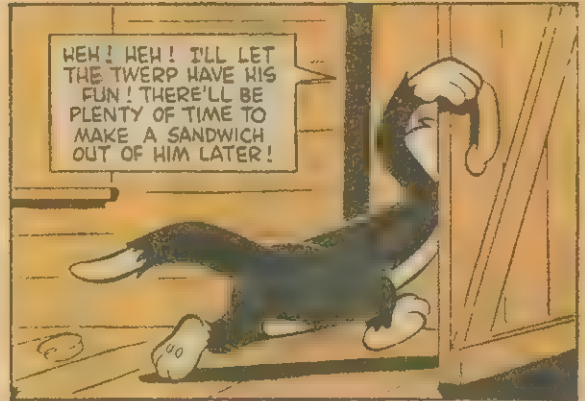
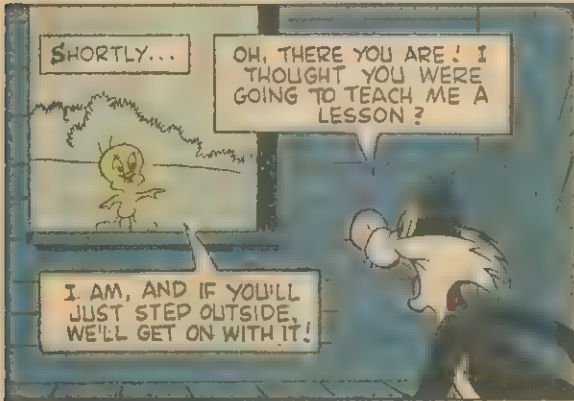
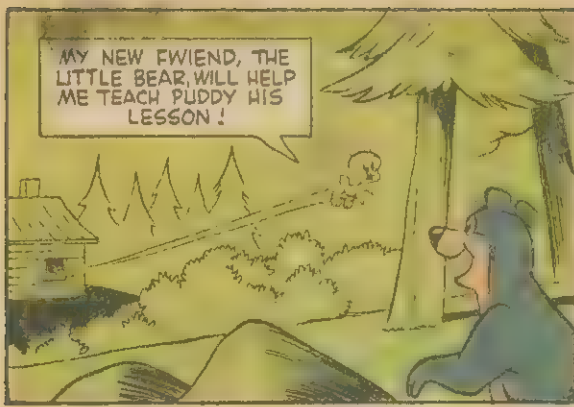
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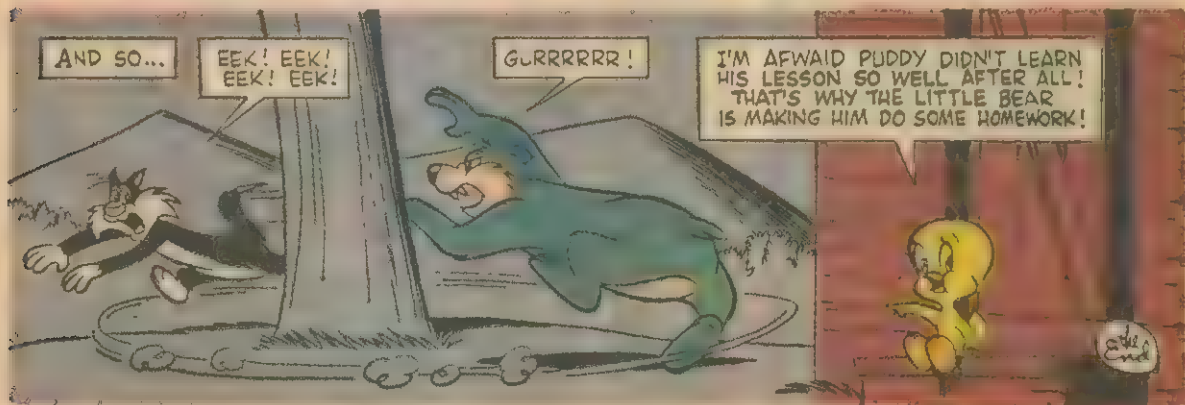
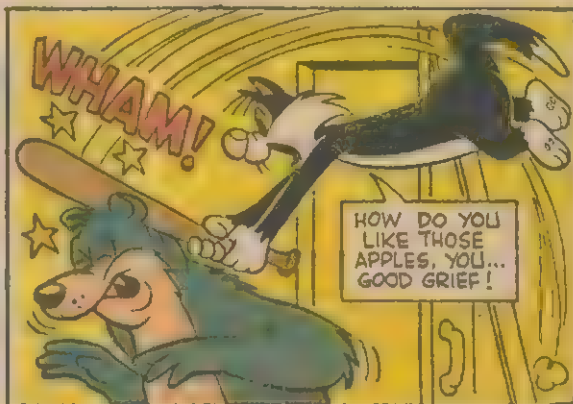
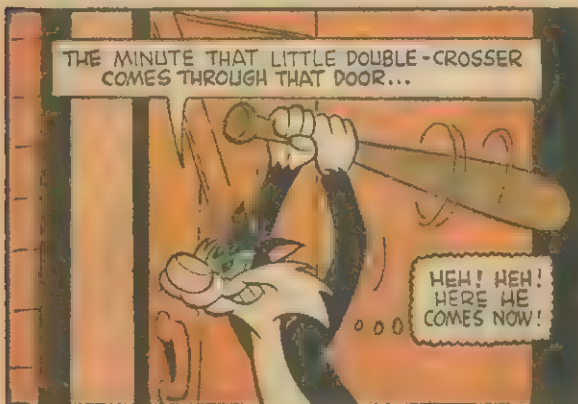
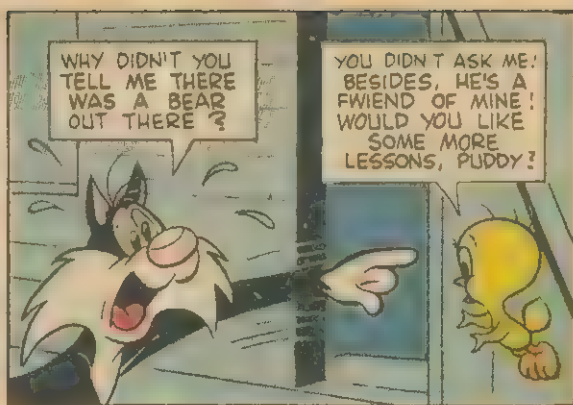
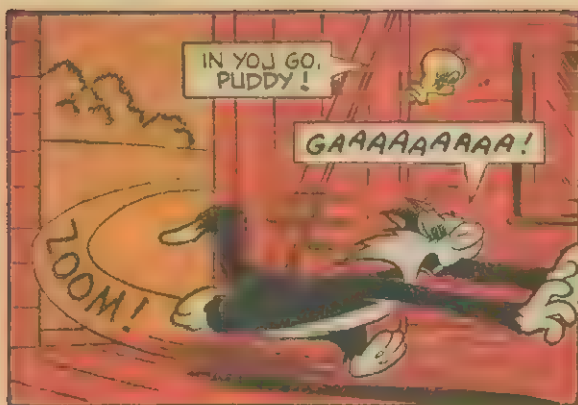






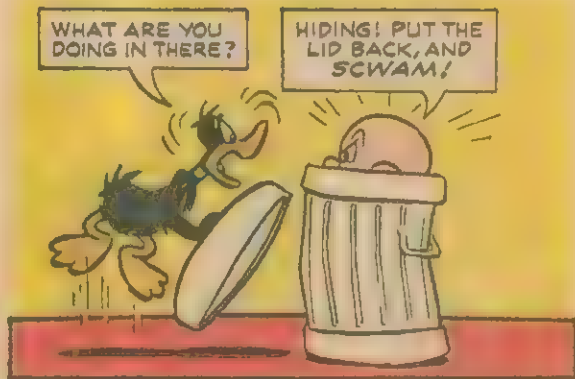
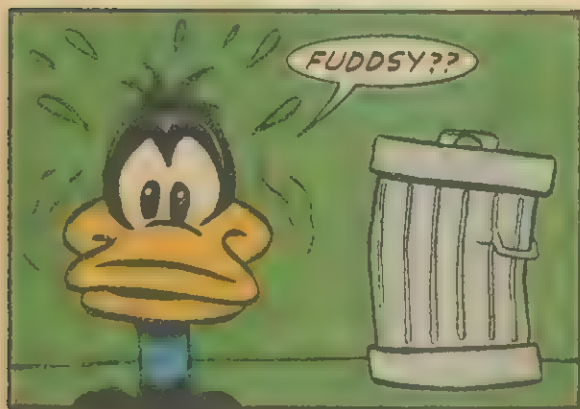
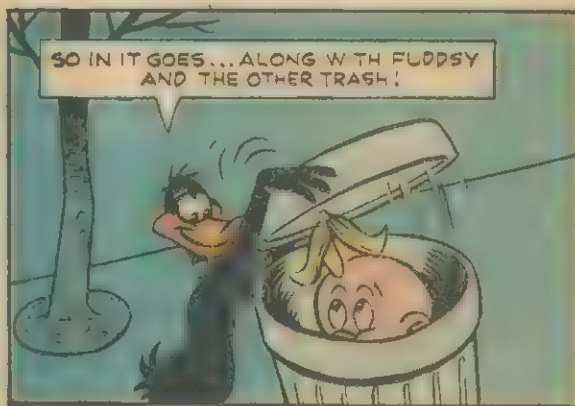




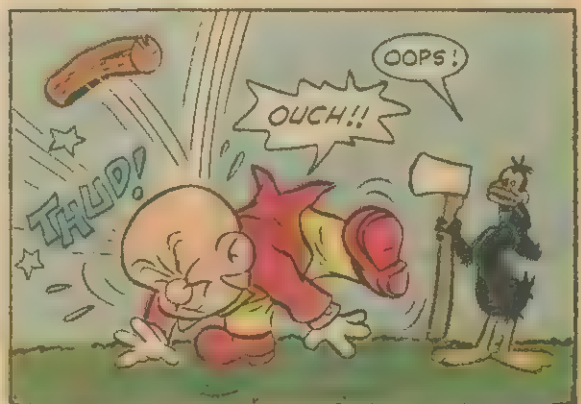
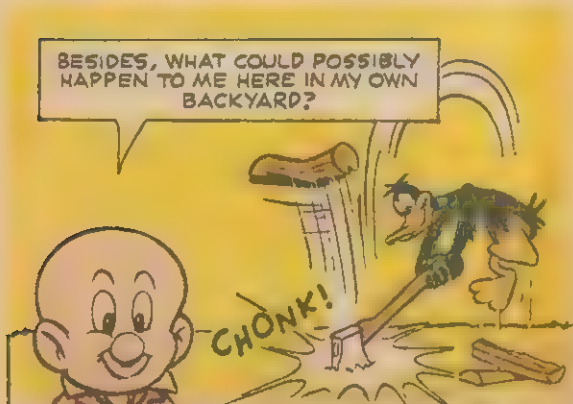
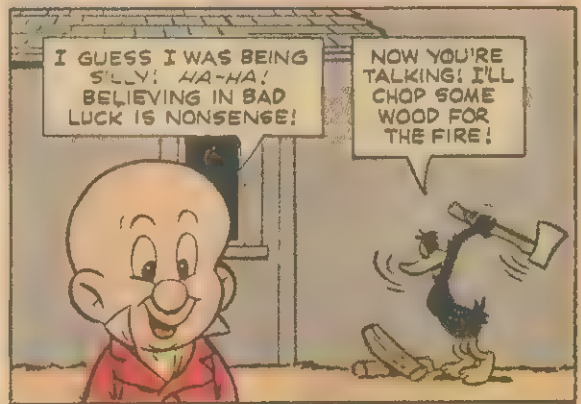
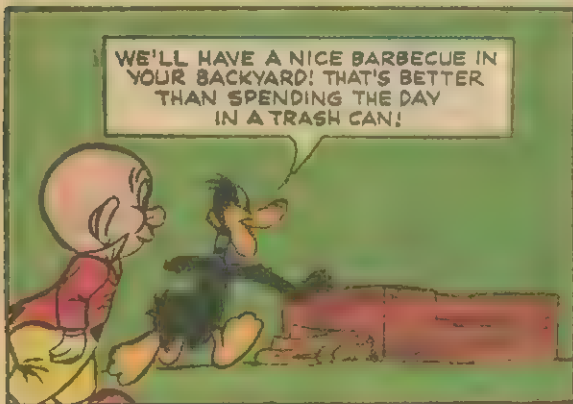
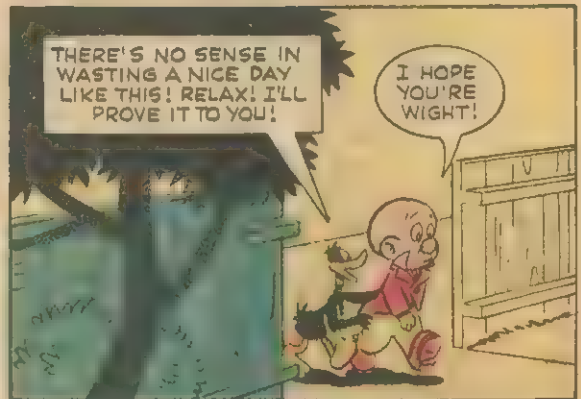
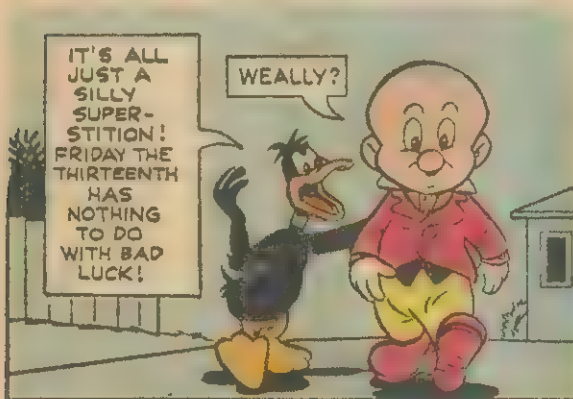
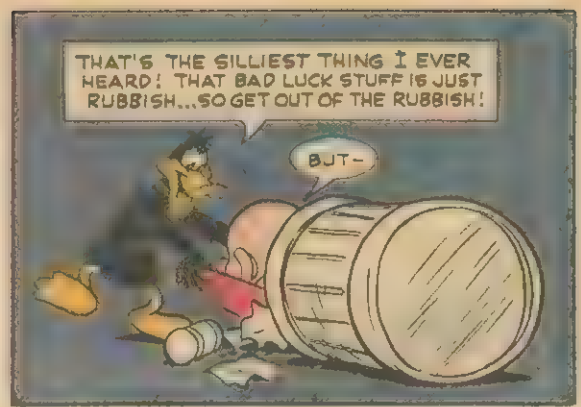
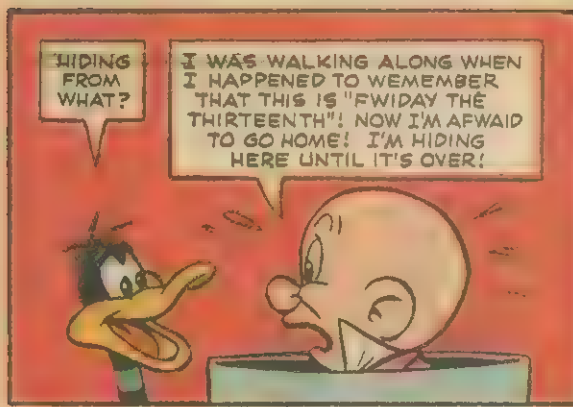


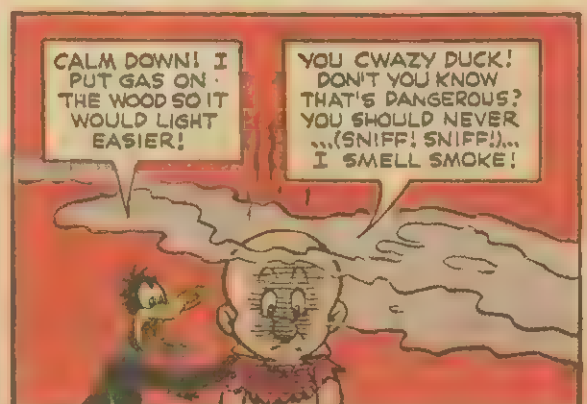
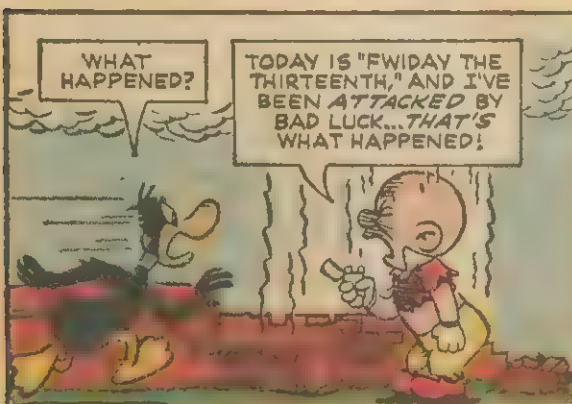
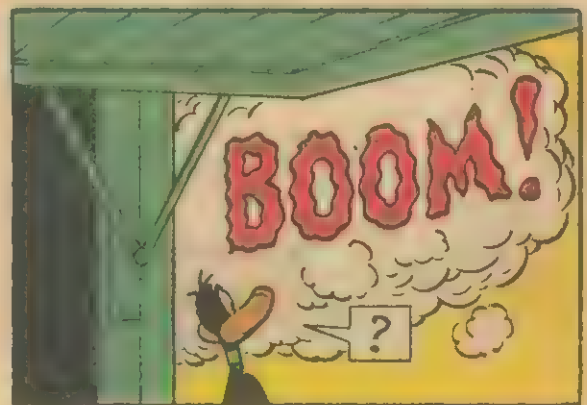
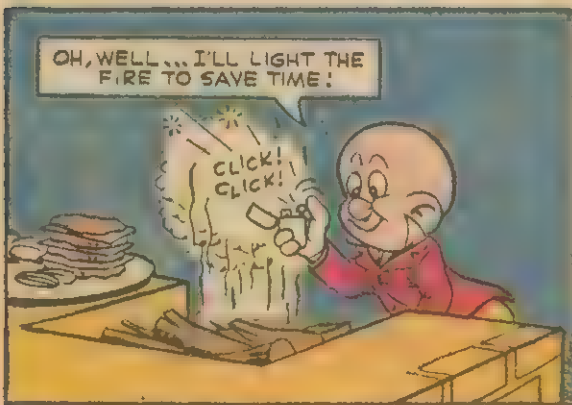
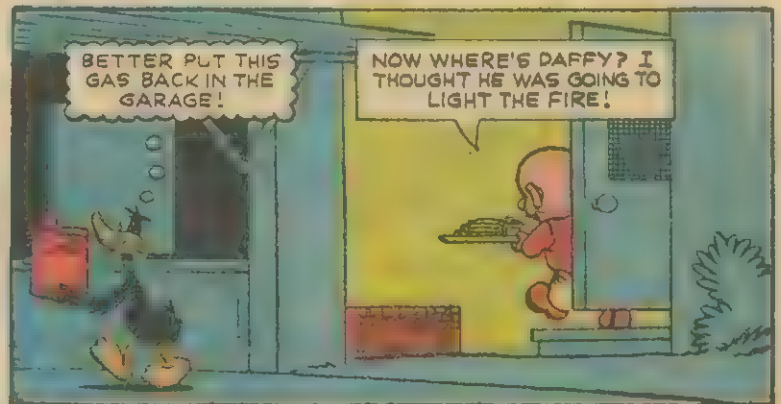
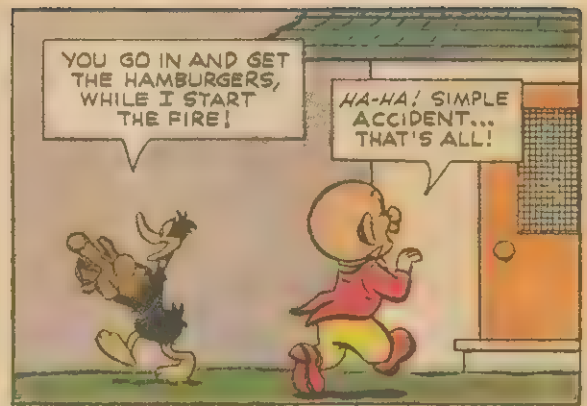
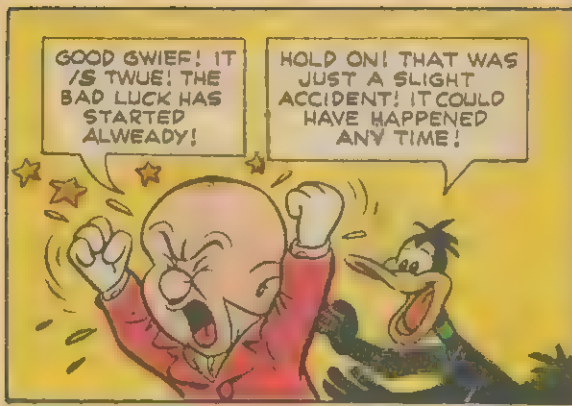
**DAFFY DUCK**

**FRIDAY  
THE  
13TH  
IS A DAY  
AFTER  
THE  
12TH**

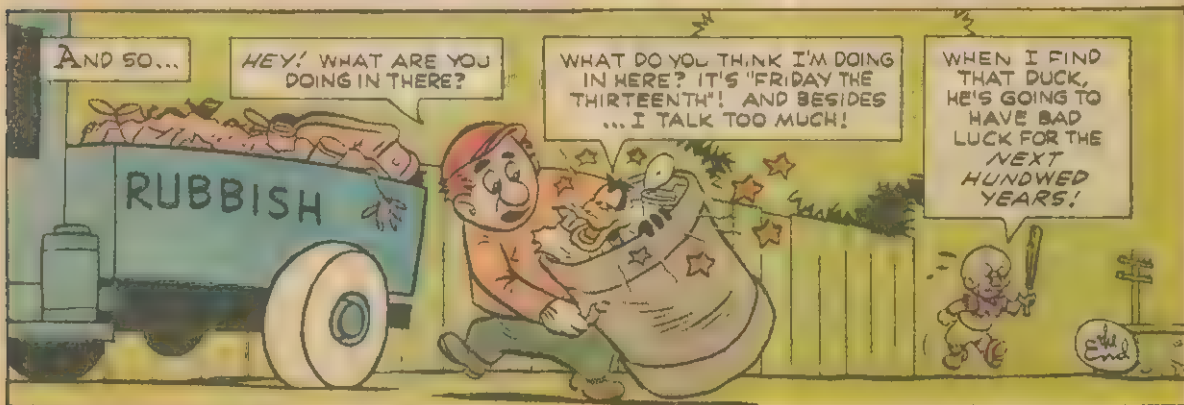
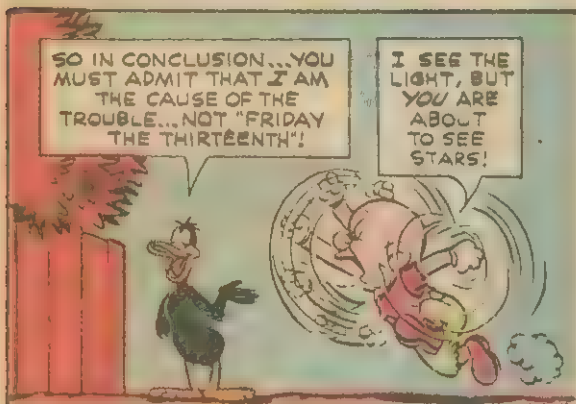
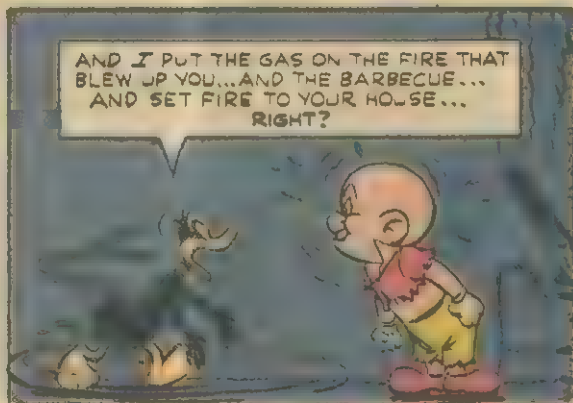
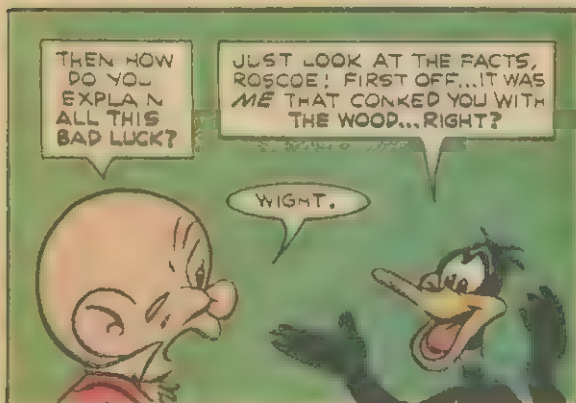
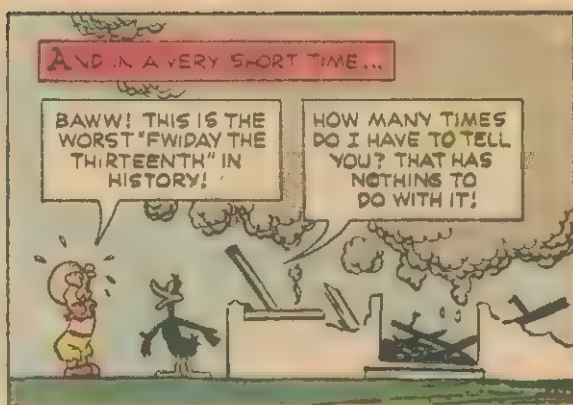
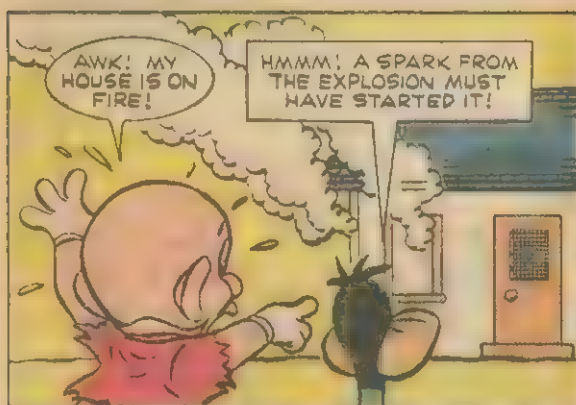






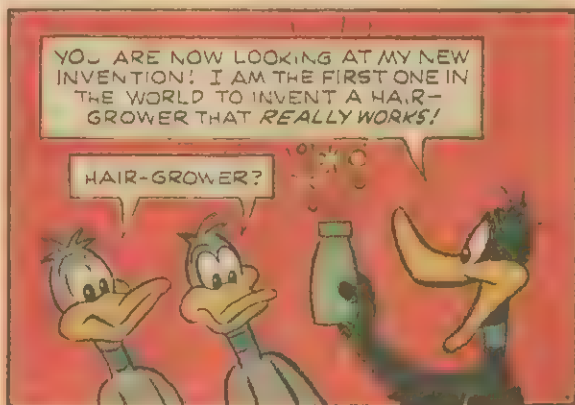
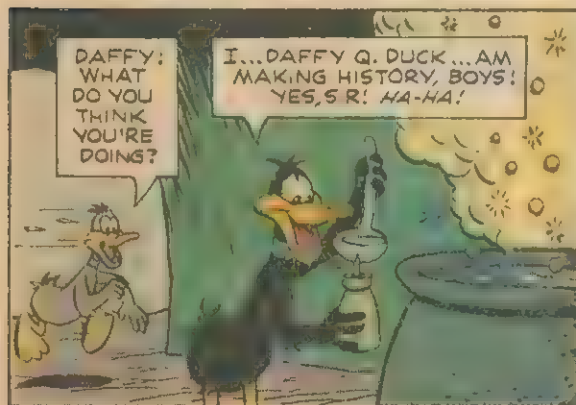
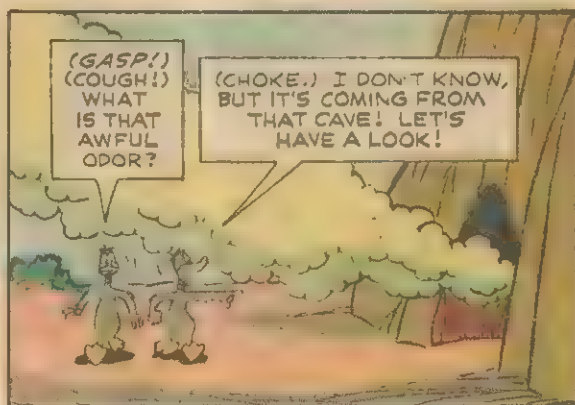
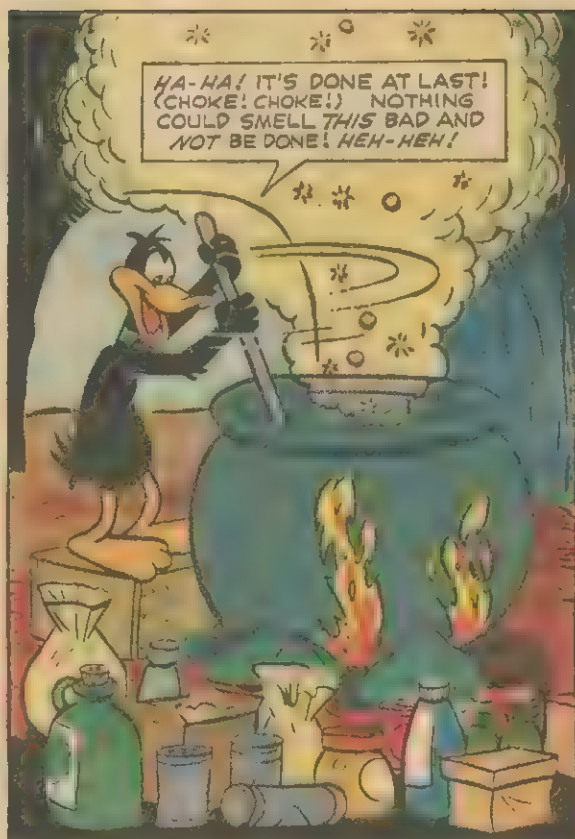




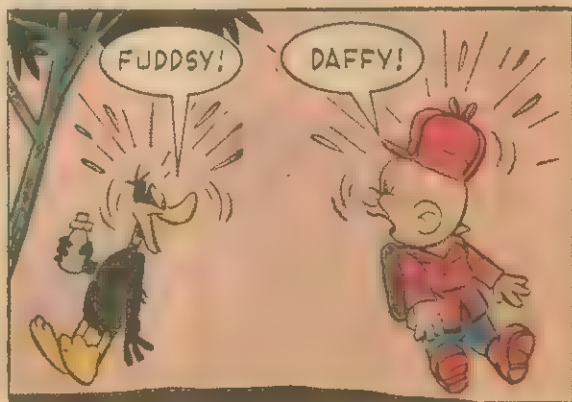
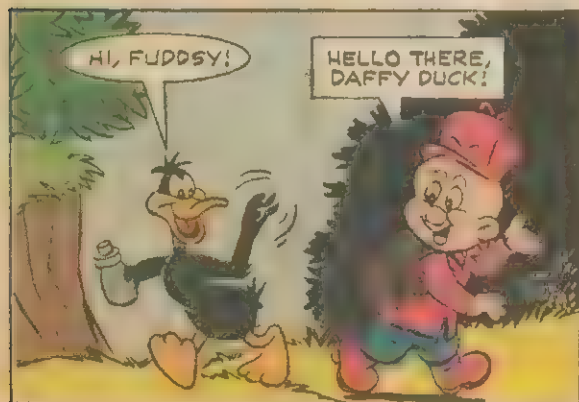
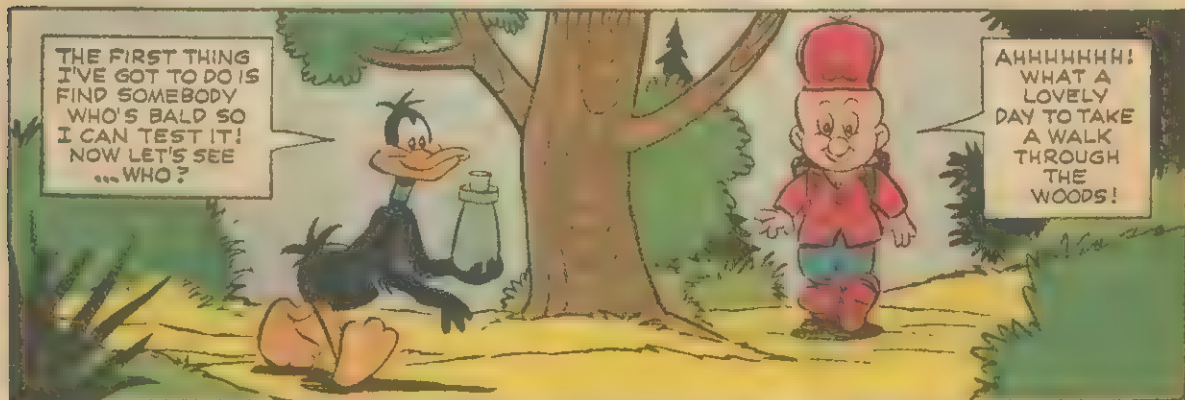
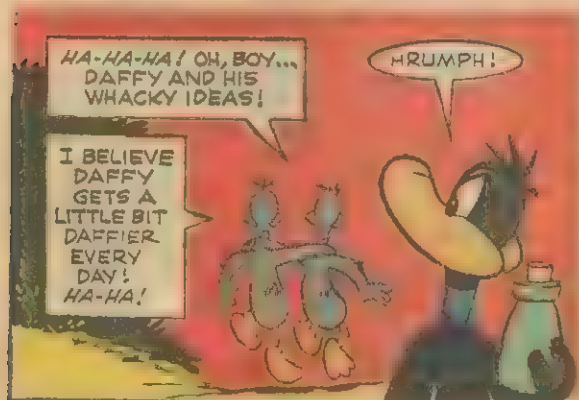
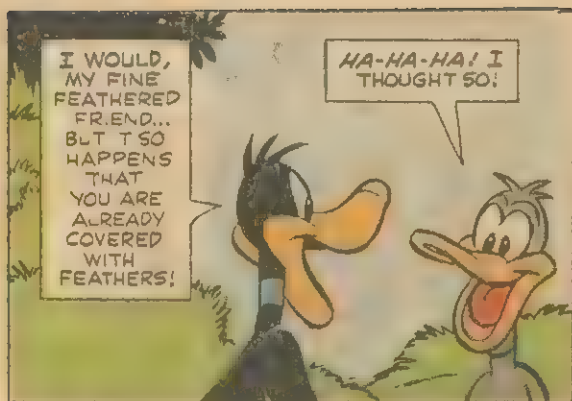
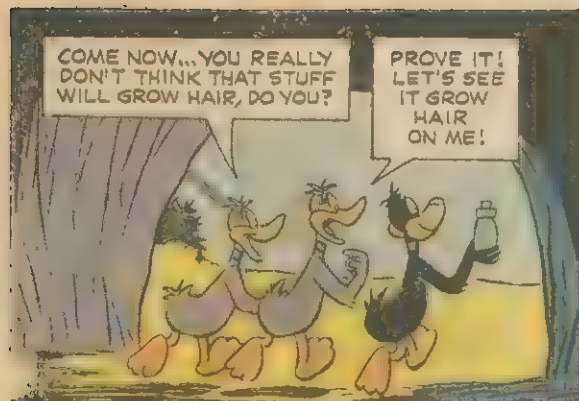


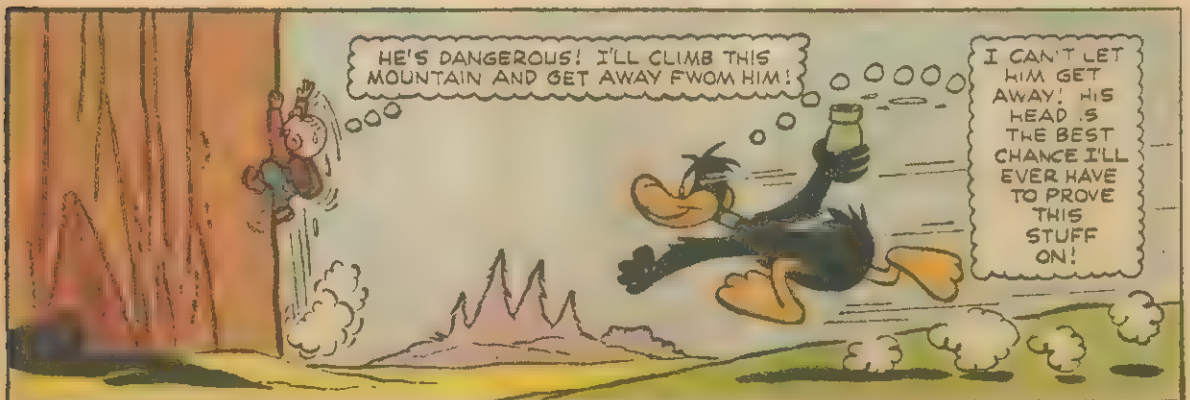
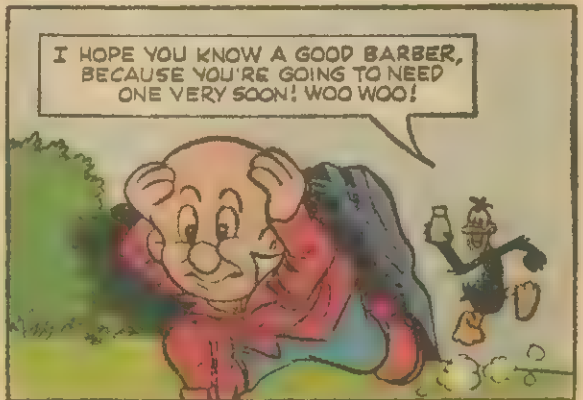
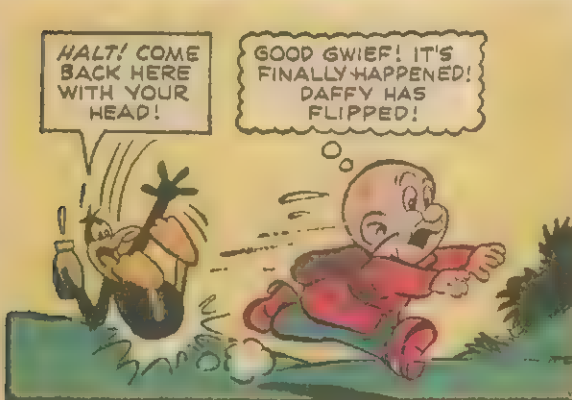
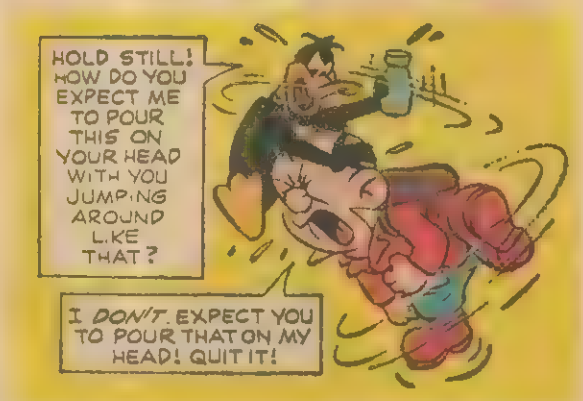
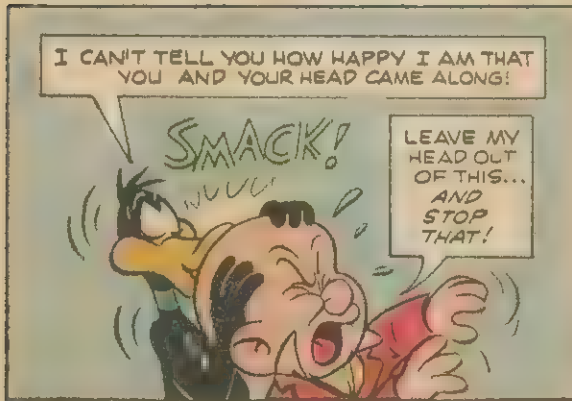
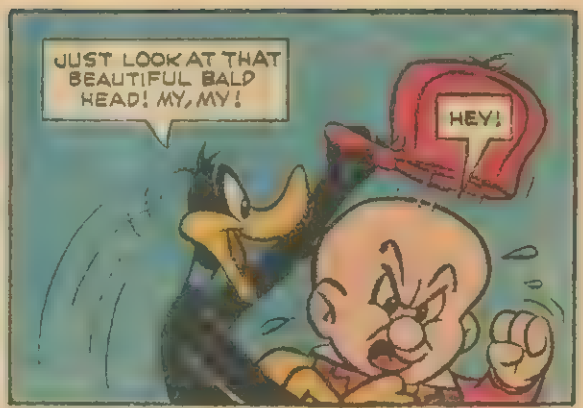
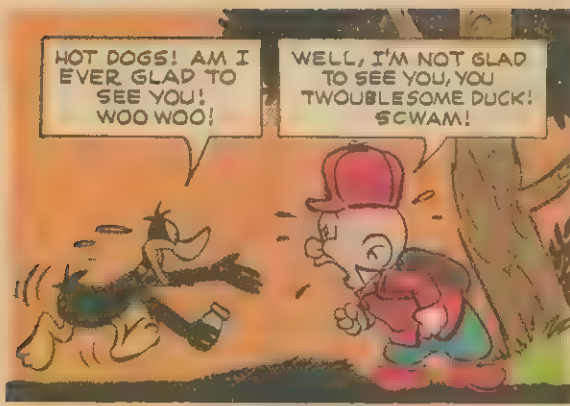
# DAFFY DUCK

# HAIR TODAY and GONE To- MORROW

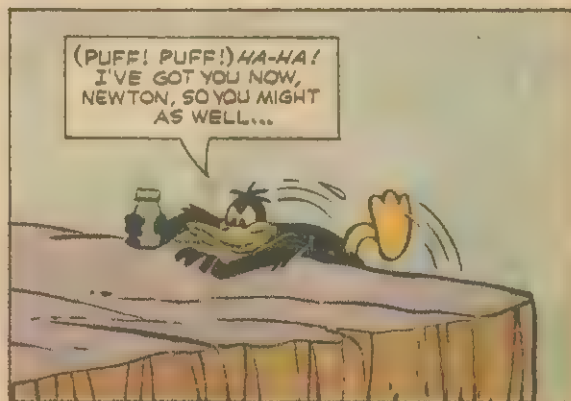
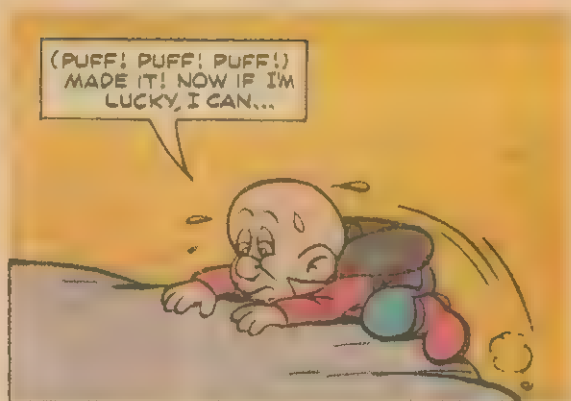


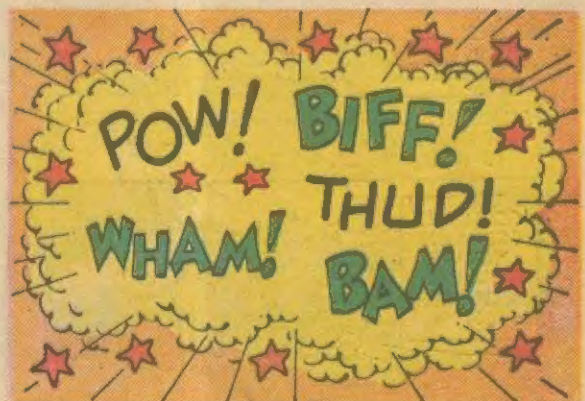
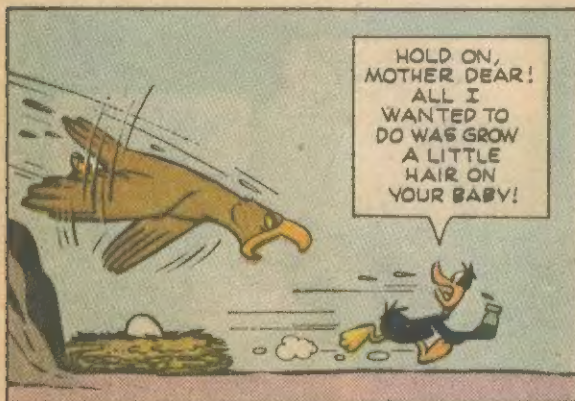
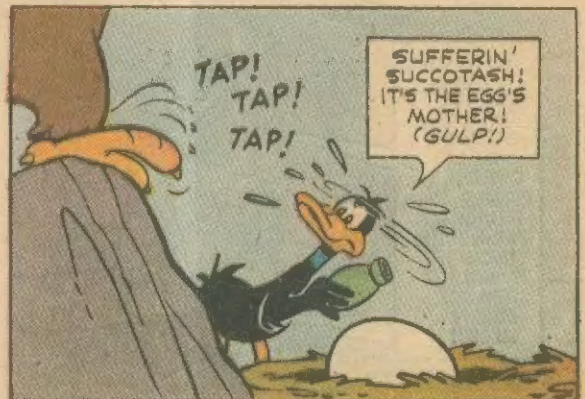




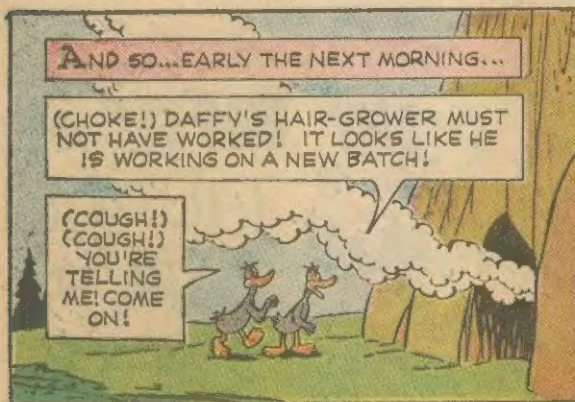
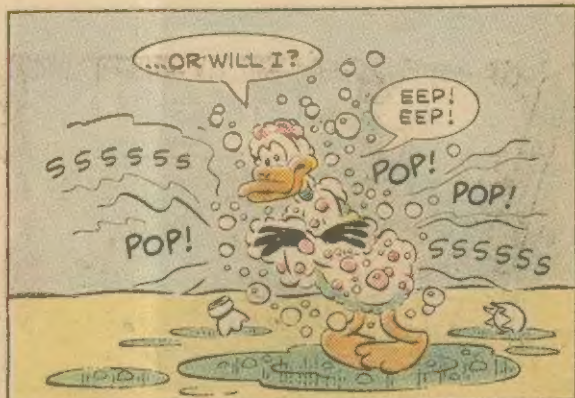
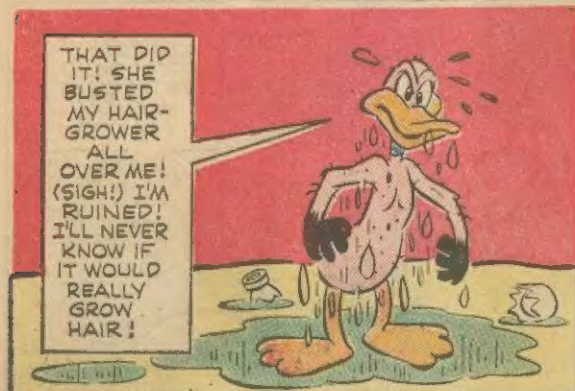
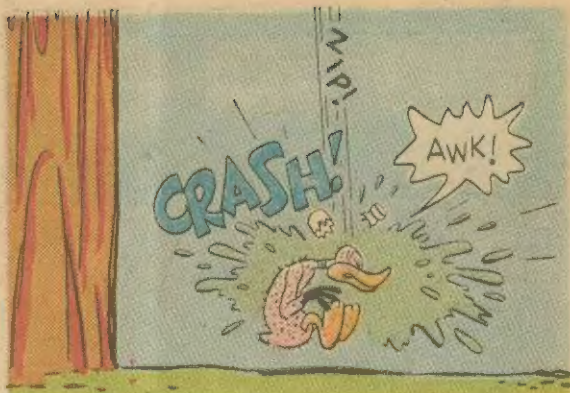














# DAFFY DUCK



**SPLASH!**

